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The Week

MUCH the most important decision with respect to foreign policy which now confronts the administration concerns the answer which it must return to the League of Nations invitation to participate in the sittings of its Disarmament Commission. Just what the answer of the administration will be is doubtful. The references to the matter in the President's message were ambiguous, but it seems clear that he will not accept the invitation, unless Congress authorizes the acceptance and unless certain American provisos about the location and the character of the assembly are approved by the League. There is nothing objectionable as yet about the President's noncommittal attitude. The consent of Congress should certainly be obtained and since the United States has its own particular interests in relation to disarmament, the laying down of certain conditions is not in itself unreasonable. But we hope that the President will not work too ardently for the fulfillment of his conditions and too cautiously for the acceptance of the invitation. It is of vast importance that when the meeting of the Commission takes place, the United States participate in its councils.

THE present effort in Europe to work out a plan for disarmament which is practicable both from the technical and the political standpoints is the most sincere and promising which has as yet been made. It is the result of the Locarno agreement, and it means that in Europe the reduction of armaments has become a necessity of statesmanship. There is every reason why Europe should ask for American assistance in this effort and why such assistance should be eagerly and generously tendered by this country. Military disarmament is, indeed, primarily a European question which the European nations must settle for themselves and which they cannot settle without mutual guarantees of security, but military disarmament cannot be considered apart from the effect on military operations of naval and aerial armaments; and, of course, the United States must in one way or another be consulted about any decision which is taken with respect to the latter. The best way to be consulted is to accept a polite and sincere invitation to a meeting for that purpose. The recent advances which Europe has made in the direction of solving her own special peace problems have increased the area of possible and desirable American coöperation with Europe. Such coöperation can now take place to an increasing extent without involving the United States in specifically European political animosities and complications. Each proposal for coöperation must be considered separately on its merits, but there can be no doubt about the merits of the present proposal and the beneficial results of an early and cordial acceptance of the invitation.

APPARENTLY the French Chamber of Deputies has decisively rejected the plans for financial reconstruction which the Briand government has submitted. It may linger on for a few weeks, but eventually and before long it must fall. Paris is, consequently, much excited about its probable successor, and the several possible alternatives, which have frequently been pointed out in the New Republic, are being energetically and apprehensively discussed. Since the future of the Republic is really endangered by the inability of the Parliament to de-

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cide on a way out, something in the nature of a government of public safety seems to be necessary. Such a government must be composed of nationalists —that is, of political leaders who are interested chiefly in perpetuating their France. Yet what their idea of France will be and how they will gain and keep power is not by any means so apparent. They may be republican nationalists who will maintain throughout the crisis a genuine loyalty to a parliamentary régime. Or they may be more militant nationalists who will try to use any power which they obtain during the crisis in favor of a direct or indirect revival of a one-man or one-party government. There are both kinds in France at present. One or the other of them may obtain power either as the result of a general election or as the result of the emergence of a nationalist majority in the present Chamber. But the most doubtful and dangerous question is: How will a nationalist government of public safety maintain itself in power during the social sacrifices and uncertainty which financial reconstruction will bring with it? Will its perpetuation mean public disorder and civil war?

THESE are very grave and very real questions for France. The third Republic is only about fifty years old. It has given to the French people comparative stability and freedom after three generations of intermittent revolutions and dictatorships. It was accepted in the beginning by an anti-Republican majority of the National Assembly after the Franco-Prussian war as a public necessity. A republic was the most inoffensive form of government which France could impose upon herself. It would divide her least. This ultimate necessity for a republic still remains. The Republic has bestowed on the French people a better combination of order with liberty and security with progress than any of its predecessors. But it has made certain grave mistakes in foreign and financial policy which compromise the results of its other successes. France, consequently, may be forced again to find safety in that unsafe device, a coup d'etat, and if she does there is no telling what the consequences will be. But in that deplorable event the for-the-most-part excellent record of the Republic during the past fifty years will probably exert a real influence as soon as the crisis is over. It may be possible after only a short period of illegality to go back to a modified version of the existing Republic.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT, calling a special session of the Pennsylvania Legislature for the purpose—among others—of declaring anthracite coal a public utility and thus establishing publicity of accounts and regulation of investment and profits, heroically pursues the course necessary to protect the public in this basic commodity. He must know that the Republican machine in Pennsylvania is strong enough to defeat his purpose and that he will receive no thanks from the powerful private interests supporting that machine. The operators, to be sure, ever since negotiations with the miners began, have been expressing their sedulous care for the public interest and even within a few days have stated that complete publicity concerning their industry already exists in the Coal Commission's report—though, as they did not add, that publicity stops with the year 1923. If their protestations were sincere they would have nothing to fear from regulation. A word from them would make possible the passage of the measure recommended by the Governor. But of course they are not sincere and will not speak the word. Mr. Pinchot deserves a medal of honor for entering upon what he must know is a hopeless struggle, simply because it is the only means left of putting any pressure on a group determined to have their own way without compromise at whatever cost. Any who believe that Mr. Pinchot or anyone else could make headway by soft speaking to the operators is a hopeless sentimentalist.

MR. PARKER, Agent General for Reparations, has made a report of the first year of the Dawes plan which looks encouraging at first glance to those who want reparations paid, but much less encouraging on further reflection. The German budget is balanced and has a surplus for the first fiscal year of about $215,000,000. The currency is stabilized, with an adequate gold reserve. The first payment of $238,000,000 has been made to the agent. It looks as if future payments were safe for at least two years. So far, so good. But the agent has made no cash payments outside of Germany, nor has he transferred any gold. A large part of the payment so far made to the Allies has been used for costs of the armies of occupation, defrayed within German borders. The remainder has been in deliveries in kind—coal, coke, lignite. No plans have been made for marketing the eleven billion marks' worth of railway bonds, which were supposed to constitute part of reparations. Obviously the difficulty lies in transfer of reparations across the German borders. This difficulty is illuminated when we remember that net transfers cannot be made except in goods—i. e., in an export surplus from Germany—and when we note that there has recently been an excess of imports over exports averaging seven million marks a day. At this rate the annual import surplus would be nearly two and a half times the first payment made on Allied account to Mr. Parker. It is over three times as large as Germany's import surplus before the war. It arises, of course, from the large loans and credits recently extended to the German government and industries. We cannot get a net surplus out of Germany as long as the stream of goods corresponding to these credits is going in. But if we stop the credits and the goods, can Germany produce a surplus with which to pay us?

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FIGURES in the President's budget message show how perilously close to a deficit the new tax reduction measure is bringing us. Estimates of receipts for the fiscal year 1927, without tax reduction, are $3,824,000,000, and of expenditures are $3,494,000,000. This leaves an estimated surplus of $330,000,000, to lay against the estimated loss of $325,000,000 by the new tax bill. Five millions is not a large margin to cover possible miscalculation. The estimates for 1927 contemplate smaller expenditures even than those originally listed for this year in no less than half of the main categories of ordinary expense. It may be safe to expect smaller outlays by the Housing Corporation and Shipping Board, but how about the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Department of the Interior, the War Department and the District of Columbia? The President himself says "the normal expansion of the business of the government in keeping pace with a growing nation will involve added expenditure from year to year." Suppose, in addition, receipts under the new tax bill should be smaller than estimated as a consequence of a business depression in 1926. And it must be remembered that even if there is no miscalculation, the loss of the surplus means that the war debt can be retired only half as rapidly as in the past five years.

IS recognition of Russia by the United States impending? Accumulating signs point to this as more than a possibility, in the not-distant future. Not for a long time have we had one of those passionate outbursts against the red régime which were such a recurrent and fascinating product in the days when milord Hughes ruled the State department. Senator Borah, who as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee presumably should know what he is talking about, declares that in regard to the three conditions laid down long ago by our government—payment of the old Russian debts, compensation for seized American property and abstention from propaganda—he is "in a position to state on the most authentic authority that Russia is ready and prepared to deal with these matters in a most reasonable and saisfactory way." Such a statement, coming from such a source, deserves at least a careful inquiry by the State department to determine its truth.

IF Washington's attitude has been altered, it is reasonable to suppose that the changed opinion of American business men about the Russian market has had something to do with it. The Russian government has become a customer of huge importance in the export market. We recorded the other day the purchase by Russia of American cotton worth $44,000,000 during the past year. Tuesday's newspapers recorded casually the purchase of 10,000 Fordson tractors, at a cost of $6,000,000. On the same day the cables reported a bit of news to break the hearts of many American business men: final signing of the agreement with Japanese firms in regard to Sakhalin. Lack of recognition is certainly not preventing our doing a large amount of business with Russia, as the figures prove; but this business would be facilitated if the legal barriers were removed. That is the sort of argument which a Coolidge and a Kellogg understand best of all.

Obstreperous Liberalism

ONE grave difficulty in discussing liberalism at present arises from the different meanings which different people attach to the word. The criticism of a recent discussion of liberalism by the New Republic which is contained in a letter by Mr. Roger William Riis, published elsewhere in this issue, is provoked by the assumption of such a difference of meaning. He considers "ridiculous" a statement to the effect that "the almost complete annihilation of liberalism as an organized force is accompanied by its increased vitality as a political and social idea." He means by the word a fully formulated political and social creed which cannot obtain reality in the world unless those who believe in it organize and struggle to overcome resistance to its realization. A living liberalism must, according to Mr. Riis, conduct itself pugnaciously and obstreperously. Only if Androcles and the Lion walk arm in arm, is there no cage for the Lion and no slavery for Androcles.

There are, of course, many precedents for Mr. Riis's conception of liberalism. It embodies substantially the historic attitude of the Liberal party in England, and something of the kind provided the moral and intellectual impulse for American progressivism from 1910 to 1913. In so far as human beings can be liberated by enacting laws which remove obstacles to desirable social experiments, the liberal Androcles must no doubt cultivate some Lion of political power which likes to roar and lash his tail and devour his enemies. But in that case it is most important for the obstreperous liberal to feel sure of his creed and to agree with his associates about the political and social program which they seek to impose on society. The alliance between Androcles and the Lion has wonderful possibilities in so far as Androcles knows his own mind and so long as the Lion does not escape from Androcles's benignant leadership. But the Androcleses of history are not uniformly capable of taming the Lions either in their own souls or in the jungles of the world, and obstreperous Lions which are not confined in cages have frequently preferred to devour Androcles rather than his oppressors.

Twelve years ago the political agitation in this country, which called itself progressive and toward the end liberal, knew its own mind well enough. It was a little uncertain what it wanted to do with the trusts and battleships, but it agreed in the general

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idea of realizing a national program of social amelioration by political means, which implied increased popular political responsibilities. At present there is no similar agreement. Some liberals consider opposition to federal centralization of any kind as their first duty to their convictions. Others seem sincerely to believe that one of the existing parties can become a satisfactory agency of liberalism in politics. Still others who have not departed from the older progressivism in the foregoing respects still profoundly disagree among themselves as to how a progressive or liberal political party can be recruited and what legislation it would propose to enact after it obtained power. In short the political impotence in the United States of people who call themselves liberals is merely a reflection of the lack in liberalism, as liberals understand it, of a coherent political content. They cannot get together on any particular program. In such circumstances the summons to an explosion of liberal political pugnacity resembles the beating of a drum for a war dance when there is no war in sight and no army to lead to battle.

Since liberalism is at present paralyzed politically by its lack of a program, those who hope to give reality to something which the word may mean should discriminate with some care the different meanings which they propose to attach to it. For this reason the New Republic has tried of late to dissociate its own use of the word from any necessary alliance with practical politics and to identify it with a philosophy and method of individual and social conduct. The original liberals were people who looked upon human life as a part of nature and who expected to contribute to human liberation by increasing the available knowledge of it as a natural process. We would like to revive this meaning now. If liberalism seeks to capitalize for purposes of human amelioration a trustworthy knowledge of the processes of individual and social life, it is easy to understand why people of liberal tendencies frequently find it difficult to agree upon a practical program. A knowledge of social processes, sufficiently mature to justify political action may not have been reached or it may be impossible for the moment to give such knowledge reality in popular experience. But even in so far as such knowledge does exist, it may be soon superseded, and liberals must make allowance for the necessity of systematic revision of all particular projects. Liberals should from this point of view avoid scrupulously the temptation to wax pugnacious in the interest of temporary programs. Liberalism grows with the application to the understanding of individual and social life of a cautious experimental method which considers all social principles and institutions as projects to be tried out and watched rather than as conclusions to be affirmed and vindicated. It cannot thrive in any society which is dominated by political or religious absolutism or by an official policy of internal or external violence, but every society with an orderly democratic constitutional government is liberal in so far as it leaves the door open for experiments. If it violates the obligation to be liberal in this sense, it imperils a desirable conservatism no less than a desirable progressivism.

The American nation can boast of a government which is with reservations and occasional backslidings orderly, democratic and constitutional. This government is, however, operated at present by people who are afraid of experimentation and who favor above everything else the encouragement of the private acquisition and concentration of wealth as a scientific and democratic social policy. It is possible that eventually the vested interests which profit by this policy will form an alliance with economic, political and religious absolutism in America for the purpose of suppressing experimentalism of all kinds, but such an alliance is still a somewhat remote threat. Coolidgism is not reactionary, for reaction in its own way is energetic and headstrong and Coolidgism is more than anything else lethargic and cautious. Yet lethargic as it is, it is also politically pliant within limits, and it is capable under sufficient pressure of undertaking a moderate program of reform. The difficulty is that for the present no pressure is being exerted. The Democrats are thoroughly licked and have no fight left in them except for one another. The radicals are impotent. Effective political opposition to Coolidgism will not develop until the Democratic party is split and reorganized or until economic discontent precipitates the political combination of those classes whose interests will in the long run be adversely affected by a continuation of the existing government by professional politicians in the interest of wealth. That such a combination will eventually be formed, we do not for one moment doubt.

Yet in spite of the temporary impotence of radicalism, the passing of liberalism as a coherent political force and the triumph in American public [illegible] of a moral rhetoric of self-satisfaction over g[illegible] ous and ardent discontent, liberalism, as we [illegible] defined it, is becoming increasingly effective a[illegible] an unofficial method of dealing with educational, social, industrial and even political problems. Liberalism of this kind is, indeed, bound to possess an indispensable function in a social economy which, like that of this country, is coming to be and is conceived as being a collection of associated and experimental human activities which have to be understood in order to be controlled. Such a conception of the American democracy is obtaining constantly increasing reality. It is a by-product of the whole technical development of American society. No matter how much its opponents ignore or denounce it in theory, they are obliged to act on it in practice. They are obliged, that is, whenever they legislate to assume that existing institutions, laws, and public and corporate policies are projects whose value for society is measured, not by their

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conformity to some pre-established principle or theory, but by their consequences in practice which need to be understood and which can be understood only by being watched. These social experiments are being watched and studied in the United States more systematically and conscientiously than in any European country. Liberalism in all its forms will eventually possess an abounding vitality in a community which is as thoroughly committed to a methodical scrutiny and recording of its own processes as America is.

We are not afraid, consequently, that a democratic society such as ours will ever dispense with liberalism. But there is a danger that the liberals themselves, in the sense of those people whose business it is to be thoroughly aware of social conduct, will not understand what a grave responsibility a society which is unconsciously experimenting with experimentalism may impose upon them. The United States is a fertile breeding ground for an infinite number of novel enterprises of all kinds—technical, industrial, social and intellectual. The urban American of today whatever his other faults is not stagnant. On the contrary he is, if anything, too mercurial. He is as a rule more curious, more alert, more sceptical and more uninhibited than the American of yesterday, yet his increase of curiosity and irreverence is not a wanton revolt against precedent and tradition. It is the reflection of the increasing need of an adaptable, adventurous, experimental state of mind in carrying on with success the important practical activities of American life. This mixture of scepticism and experimentalism in business and technical activities with Coolidgism in politics and a revived fundamentalism in religion, defines the task which liberals, as the flagbearers of experimentalism, have to perform. They have to vindicate methodical experimentalism as a positive substitute for routine, tradition, rules and dogmas in the conduct of life—of life in general as well as of particular activities. The disposition to challenge and to cross-examine sacred practices, institutions and principles is gradually undermining popular faith in many traditions, symbols and formulas which have hitherto served as partial supports for individual morality and social order. A substitute is needed. Unless liberals wake up to the need of providing a substitute and learn how to do it, they may be confronted with a veritable revival of absolutism as the indispensable cultural justification of a social order whose preservation seems to be threatened by heretical experimentalism.

Unfortunately for their ability to redeem this social responsibility, liberals have hitherto evaded the task of furnishing for themselves an equivalent for the customary moral certitudes. In what way can they strengthen the motives for creative moral and social conduct and lay out a reliable route to that remote and elusive land? Since by the experimentalist assumption it is both undesirable and impossible to liberate human beings by imposing orders and beliefs upon them, liberals have no alternative but to seek human regeneration by the introduction of some effective method into their own personal conscious effort to lead a good life. They must somehow derive from their consciousness of the actual processes of living a liberating knowledge which they cannot obtain from public instruction or from the commands of church or state. Those of them who like to be obstreperous will find in this task a sufficient outlet for their pugnacity. They can furnish the world with the example of a man who by self-acquired knowledge of himself and the world has achieved the captaincy of his soul. In his intoxicated moments, he may even conceive himself as a modern version of Prometheus who defies the gods and seeks in a humanization of the process of knowing the salvation of mankind. But science, we are afraid, has robbed Prometheus himself of heroism. The gods which the experimentalist of today has to defy can no longer summon thunderbolts from the air or let loose vultures to prey upon headstrong heretics. The modern Prometheus is not entitled to strike an attitude and to take his position too seriously. Liberals have wished on themselves without knowing it the job of discovering some way of making themselves and other people experts in the art of leading a good life. The knowledge which they need for the practice of this technique of techniques they cannot borrow from any existing storehouse. Neither can they obtain it by going off into the wilderness or joining a community of the saints. They must earn it by acting as if the inquisitive, disinterested and intensely watchful pursuit of ordinary activities will, if raised to the dignity of a method, actually result in a creative personal experience which will synthesize in their minds life with truth.

The Need for Agricultural Statesmanship

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has definitely set his face against a fundamental agrarian program for the United States. In his address before the American Farm Bureau Federation and in his message to the Sixty-ninth Congress he has denied the existence of a serious agricultural problem; consequently he sees no need for basic readjustments. At Chicago he flattered and placated the farmers and, if press reports are to be believed, they enjoyed it. At Washington he reprimanded critics and agitators in an obvious attempt to forestall effective congressional action. The scepter has moved and thus are the troubled waters brought to rest. We are now asked to believe that the agrarian uprising which seemed imminent a year ago founded its case upon nothing more than a few cents' difference in the market price of grains, and

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that a portion of that difference having been regained American agriculture is once again on its robust, prosperous way.

Insofar as the President sees a problem at all, he envisages it in simplest economic terms. This is his program: assistance to commodity coöperative marketing associations, further facilitation of rural credits, continuation of tariffs which are presumed to benefit the farmer, and most important of all, preservation of the farmer's independence. A pale, insipid dose if the patient has really been ill, but nevertheless a dose which has every likelihood of being accepted.

The bankers and President Coolidge view the recent agricultural disturbances as mere interruptions in a process which is essentially sound and healthy. This assumption should be vigorously challenged. It may reasonably be doubted whether farming as it has been conducted in this country has ever been a profitable enterprise. Its periodic and apparent successes have invariably resulted from soil exploitation or land speculation—policies of cumulative failure. Both lead to abnormal increases in costs of production, the first through fertility exhaustion and the second through capital inflation. In the end these practices ruin both the land and the farmer. Thus far the chief benefactors of American agriculture have been land speculators, bankers, dealers (speculators) in farm products, transportation agencies, and manufacturers. In this connection it should not be forgotten that the farmer and speculator are often one and the same person. Wherever it is discovered that farm profits become in any sense comparable to business profits it will also be found that the recipient is a farmer-banker, farmer-speculator, farmer-trader, or farmer-lender. The producing farmer who relies upon agriculture as his only source of income seldom rises above an average workmen's wages. And so poor a business is farming in most regions that a decent labor-income is made possible only by utilizing the unrewarded toil of women and children.

The exploitation period of American agriculture is at an end. Farming lands offer no further attractions for the speculator. The available arable regions were occupied during the closing years of the last century. Symptoms of agrarian disease have multiplied since the time when it was no longer possible to buy cheap lands in succession. Ownership now passes steadily out of the hands of the operating farmer. Probably not more than half the farmers of the United States are at the moment valid owners of the land which they till. In many sections, particularly the Northwest, titles still remain in the names of farmers, but this is due largely to the fact that the bankers now wish to avoid ownership responsibilities. They at least, have seen the hand-writing on the wall. Holders of farm mortgages, bankers and farmers of one of these areas, recently met for a protracted conference for the purpose of finding an honest method of avoiding bankruptcy. They adjourned without having discovered a solution for their problem.

Coöperative marketing is the administration's chief answer to whatever problems may have arisen in the recent affairs of agriculture. The precise provisions of the proposed coöperative marketing bill are still unavailable. It will undoubtedly include some harmless suggestion for surplus exports intended to quiet the supporters of the defeated McNary-Haugen measure of last year. One thing is certain, namely that the measure will not secure President Coolidge's support unless it keeps the coöperative marketing movement safely within the margins of approvel laissez-faire economics — approved, that is, by the bankers. How effective can this kind of coöperative marketing become? It can without doubt reduce the spread between producer and consumer prices. Through proper storage and finance and orderly marketing, prices may be partially stabilized; this should in turn result in increased income for the farmer. But, stabilized prices can be sustained only if producers of given commodities agree to regulate production. Otherwise over-production will inevitably follow higher prices, and increased supply will in turn lower the price. Thus it will be seen that commodity cooperative marketing as now promoted and sponsored by the administration and the bankers is merely an efficiency tool to be used within the existing economic system. If the farmers were to conceive coöperation in terms of real occupational independence and then proceed to use it as a means for breaking through the vicious laissez-faire circle, they would soon be deserted by their political and financial friends. This cannot be done until the coöperatives both create and conserve their capital. Credit extensions which the President promises belong also in this category; so long as profits in the form of interest go into the same coffers, that is, into the hands of the bankers, it will be perfectly safe to advocate improved credits. And protective tariffs are patently makeshifts, recognitions of economic incapacity.

The administration's economic program for agriculture is the natural product of President Coolidge's recently-evolved philosophy of political decentralization. He, presumably, approaches all situations with his new formula: How *little* can the government do about this? Obviously, statesmanship cannot emerge from assumptions which minimize the functions of government. A government which aims to be little will of course do little things. It was to be expected therefore that the President would invoke the farmer's independence on behalf of his program. That hoary counterfeit of the vote-getter has fooled them often in the past, and it will probably do so again. If farmers and farm leaders have not wholly lost their intellectual self-respect, they should now ask what it is they are at liberty to do as independent individuals. If, for example, they choose to be sufficiently independent

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to elect a congressional representative or senator who voices their protests, what happens? This spokesman of the farmers' interests is promptly ostracized by the reckless majority; he is put in his place, which simply means that he is deprived of power. In the past, the farmer's vaunted independence has made him the victim of political and financial manipulators; it will continue to serve the same end — even though the blessing now comes from the pious Mr. Coolidge.

Adequate agricultural statesmanship cannot emerge until the complex of rural life is viewed in less particularistic terms. Farming is something more than a business, a vocation. It is, or at least was, a way of life, a culture which makes its own peculiar contribution to the processes of civilization. And, its saddest failure lies, not in the fact that it lost in the competitive economic struggle, but rather that it ceased to be the carrier of a virile culture. Rural life has now become largely an imitation of urban life—and on its lowest levels. If Sherwood Anderson is right in taunting the city with "You ain't got much," how much more sterile must rural life be if the little it has is no more than a cheap copy of urban superficiality.

Stand-pattism and States' Rights

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S recent message to Congress, as we pointed out last week, consisted for the most part of a business-like discussion of some of the immediate problems of the federal government, but in addition to these specific recommendations he placed particular emphasis upon two general political ideas. He reiterated briefly but emphatically the major premise of all his political thinking, which is that the existing condition of American society is thoroughly satisfactory. While it may be desirable now and then to modify its organization and policy in minor respects by legislation, it is neither necessary nor desirable to anticipate the need of such changes or to prepare against them. It is particularly undesirable to place any responsibility for proposed reforms on the federal government. "The greatest solicitude should be exercised to prevent any encroachments on the rights of the states." The federal government, that is, has a fixed place in the American political mechanism. Its only desirable line of progress is to do better what it is now doing. Its functions cannot be enlarged without "encroaching" on states' rights, and *any* such encroachment is dangerous.

Mr. Coolidge is, consequently, committed to two dogmas. He is stand-pat and he is states' rights. The question to which we wish to draw attention is the relation between the two conclusions. Is he wise in putting them together? Will American progressivism as a social policy to be accomplished by political means be helped or hindered by cultivating, irrespective of the circumstances of each particular proposal, a fear of federal legislation which "encroaches" on the rights of the states? Will the dogmatic assertion of states' rights strengthen or weaken the stand-patters in their resistance to social reconstruction?

In our opinion he has from his own point of view been wise in announcing and advertising the interdependence of these dogmas. Progressives will find it impossible to socialize the power over the lives of their fellow-countrymen, which the combination between centralized industry and the sacrosanct individual rights to property bestows on American business men, without redistributing some of the existing authority of both the state and federal governments. The redistribution should not, it is true, merely tend to increase federal responsibility. In some respects the federal government already "encroaches" on what ought to be the rights of the states in a way that is demoralizing to state political vitality. In other respects functions are conferred on the states and denied to the federal government, which if divided between them would probably be better performed. The line between state and federal activities, as it is now drawn by law, hampers both the state and the federal governments in introducing law and order into that vast social wilderness which gives birth to the conflicts between individual, class and community interests.

The existing distribution of functions between the state and federal governments was planned with reference to a group of economic and social conditions wholly different from those which prevail today. The fathers of the Republic framed the Constitution with many purposes in mind, but not the least of their purposes was that of bringing about a socially desirable distribution of property and of the power which goes with its ownership. They conceived private property as a condition of individual independence, not of industrial and financial control. They wished to distribute it throughout the whole community without either severe poverty or huge fortunes. They proposed to discourage great wealth by eradicating the political privileges with which its acquisition had theretofore been associated. They proposed to prevent any but deserved poverty by keeping the door of economic opportunity open. They hoped, that is, to guarantee a distribution of property which would emancipate America from the European social problem by protecting individuals in earning and keeping it, and in the prevailing conditions the hope was not unreasonable. The era of concentrated industrial capitalism had not begun. In this small property-owners' paradise there was no large class which lived by wages and prospered only by the increasing security and dignity of paid service. They believed, consequently, that if they wrote their guarantees for the security of property into the federal constitution they would encourage its accumulation

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and create for the ordinary American citizen the kind of economic Utopia in the existence of which Mr. Coolidge now believes.

At present the distribution between the state and federal governments of power with respect to property may be stated as follows: It is one of the primary functions of the federal government, acting through the agency of the courts, to protect property-owners in the exercise of their rights. The regulation of those rights was in the beginning confined to the states, but the area within which the regulation could be effective was drastically circumscribed by the Fourteenth amendment. While the federal government guarantees security to property, it is unable, except within narrow limits, to discriminate between the socially desirable and the socially undesirable exercise of economic power and to encourage the former at the expense of the latter. It can legislate effectively for certain limited purposes with respect to property under the tax and the interstate commerce clauses, but its powers are wholly inadequate to deal constructively with the social problems which are raised by modern capitalist and labor organization. The federal government is a flaming sword for the protection of property against all legislative interference, but its sword is a lathe when it is asked to affirm human rights which have nothing to do with property or to protect those rights of the state governments whose exercise interferes with the existing immunity of the property owner from legislative control.

The impotence of the federal government as the regulator of property rights combined with its strength as a protector of property rights against both state and federal legislation cannot endure indefinitely. The combination makes the American nation expressly responsible for the way in which wealth and economic power are distributed while prohibiting any guidance of the process by the political representatives of the American people. In this respect the United States are not a self-governing community. Yet they will need to become self-governing. They are the most conspicuous and unmitigated example in the history of the world of a state which is governed in the interest of the class which has accumulated, is accumulating or wishes to accumulate wealth. The development of a large number of small as well as a small number of large property-owners and the general popular expectation of getting rich easily and quickly has for the present quieted any general protest, but in the meantime the power of certain vested interests, which control the key positions in American industry, to make their control profitable is steadily increasing. Some day when the magnificent endowment of natural resources with which the American nation started begins to peter out, the ruling class will be unable to maintain the customary popular standard of living without sacrifices which they will be loath to make. The social and economic problem will then become acute, and the task of dealing with it will have to be assumed in part by some kind of national government. The founders of the Republic by virtue of their attempt to solve the social problem by national legislation bequeathed to the American people a continuing collective effort to pursue the same end by the use in part of the same means.

For this reason the New Republic believes that President Coolidge strengthens his cause and the progressives weaken theirs by agitating against the federal government as an agency of social legislation and national fulfillment. This campaign against any increase of federal authority injures popular confidence in the federal government without doing anything either directly or indirectly to improve the morale or the effective sense of responsibility of the state governments. If in the long run the federal government continues to be a Goliath for the protection of property, but a pigmy in curing the abuses which result from irresponsible ownership, the American nation is merely setting the stage for an embittered class conflict. It is a grave mistake to risk the credit of such a precious political principle as that of local self-government on the indefinite perpetuation of the present impossible distribution of political responsibility for social welfare between the states and the federal authority. That distribution is clearly lopsided. If it is not changed gradually and consciously, it will be changed violently and uncontrollably. Progressive statesmanship cannot dodge the horns of this dilemma. The federal Constitution and its orthodox interpretation force upon progressives a two-sided readjustment of the existing relation between the states and the national government. They must try to emancipate the police power of the states from the paralyzing prohibitions for which the Fourteenth amendment is made responsible, but if they succeed in freeing the states from these restrictions, it will be a mistake on their part to warn the federal legislature as well as the federal courts off the premises. In framing and carrying out any adequate plan of social legislation the states will need the help of the federal government no less than the federal government will need the help of the states.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Federal Tax Returns for 1924 Incomes

PUBLIC attention during the present session of Congress will be concentrated chiefly on the new tax bill and as an aid to discussion a report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue giving a preliminary statement of income tax returns of individuals for 1924 is helpful. Statistics for 1924 are based only on returns filed to September 30, 1925, and will be supplemented later by returns during the last quarter of the year and will be adjusted in many other ways. Still the information is the latest available and we may assume that the figures for earlier years through 1923 are now in final form and that those for 1924 are at least approximately correct.

This report is dated November 14, 1925, and certain changes in the figures for 1923 incomes as given in the previous report issued on June 6, 1925, need brief notice. No changes are made for the income groups of $100,000 and over and only slight ones for the groups ranging from $25,000 to $100,000. Those in the lower groups and in the grand totals are as follows:

Income Classes	*Report of June 6*	*Nov. 14*
$5,000 to $25,000		
Number of returns	888,843	569,431
Total net income	$7,571,987,936	$5,276,353,118
Tax Yield	205,067,683	159,345,789
$5,000 and below		
Number of returns	6,752,616	7,072,424
Total net income	$15,651,575,468	$16,466,217,032
Tax Yield	74,383,282	81,047,315
Grand Totals		
Number of returns	7,698,321	7,698,321
Total net incomes	$26,336,337,843	$24,840,137,364
Tax Yield	$703,962,165	663,651,505

These comparisons are given because the changes are so extensive and because the writer used the earlier statistics in a previous analysis.* Some of the figures then given have been questioned as inaccurate and this explanation is appropriate. The change is one of a shift to lower groups. According to the June report there were 888,843 returns from individuals with incomes ranging from $5,000 to $25,000; their aggregate net incomes were $7,571,987, 936 and they paid $205,067,683 income tax. The later report gives only 569, 431 in these classes with net incomes aggregating $5,276,353,118 and a tax yield of $159,345,789. These alterations and others less striking show in the grand totals the same number of returns but a reduction of $1,496,200,479 in total net income and of $40,310,660 in tax yield. These changes make necessary certain minor modifications of judgment about the operation of the federal income tax law in the last few years.

It is unfortunate that Congress is planning so heavy a reduction in taxes. The federal debt is still over $20,000,000,000. There are no productive assets behind it and every dictate of prudence demands that it be liquidated as rapidly as possible. Little assistance in this task will be received from the foreign debtors of our government as is clearly shown by every new debt settlement. New and heavy financial burdens may be thrust upon us at any time. The railroads or the coal mines may need federal control or perhaps ownership whether we wish it or not. Another war may come. The price level may fall. A business reaction is to be expected in time. We are prosperous and should eliminate the debt with the greatest possible speed, keeping taxes to do it. But arguments in favor of such a policy will receive scant attention at present. The real debate will centre on the nature and extent of reductions that are to be made.

For this reason certain essentials need to be emphasized over and over again, for if they are fully grasped the proper policies may be adopted. Our greatest trouble at present is a misunderstanding of the facts. For a long while we even believed that existing taxes were restraining business, discouraging enterprise and checking thrift. Now even the most superficial observer is aware that such statements are absurd.

But there are other points on which misunderstanding still prevails. For example, the amounts actually paid by the various income groups are not clearly understood. Rates, especially surtax rates, are quoted from the law under the impression that they reflect accurately the percentages of net incomes that are paid in taxes. This is a misinterpretation of the law. For illustration, notice the following passage from the present law giving the surtax rate on one class of income:

> $17,020 upon net incomes of $100,000; upon net incomes in excess of $100,000 and not in excess of $200,000, 37 per centum in addition of such excess.

Let us suppose that A has a net income of $101,000. His surtax then is $17,020 plus $370 or 37 percent of $1,000 which is the amount by which his net income exceeds $100,000. His total surtax is $17,390, or a little over 17 percent of his net income rather than 37 percent. Another man, B, has a net income of $199,000. His surtax is $17,020 plus $37,730, or 37 percent of $99,000, which is the amount by which his net income exceeds $100,000. His total surtax is $54,750, or a little over 27 per-

* See Special Supplement of the New Republic, November 4, 1925. This has recently been reprinted by the New Republic in booklet form

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cent of his net income. No taxpayer in this bracket is required to pay a surtax of 37 percent of his total income, although in addition to the surtax we are discussing he must pay also the normal tax.

The rates that have actually been paid by the various income groups are shown in the following table for 1921, 1922, 1923, and 1924. For 1923 the corrected figures as given in the report of November 14, 1925, are used. It is to be remembered that figures for 1924 are preliminary and incomplete, and that these rates include both normal tax and surtax.

Income Classes	*Average Rate of Tax (percent) paid on net income.*				*Rate in 1924 as % of rate in 1921*
	1921	*1922*	*1923*	*1924*	
$1,000 to $2,000	.81	.75	.49	.25	32
2,000 to 3,000	.39	.40	.27	.13	33
3,000 to 5,000	1.05	1.06	.71	.35	33
5,000 to 10,000	2.90	2.66	2.04	.97	33
10,000 to 25,000	6.48	5.48	4.05	2.74	41
25,000 to 50,000	11.53	10.40	7.67	6.89	59
50,000 to 100,000	19.87	17.89	13.05	12.89	64
100,000 to 150,000	32.00	27.42	19.85	20.02	62
150,000 to 300,000	42.14	37.03	23.83	24.64	58
300,000 to 500,000	51.94	37.27	25.42	26.64	51
500,000 to 1,000,000	58.70	35.81	26.81	27.26	46
1,000,000 and over	63.59	35.02	23.53	30.13	47

These are the percentages found by dividing the tax yield received from each of these groups by the aggregate net income of all the taxpayers in that group. First to be noticed is that at no time have the rates paid been as high as are assumed in current discussion. Thus the rate paid by the highest income group on 1921 incomes was not 8 percent (normal tax) plus 65 percent (surtax) or a total of 73 percent. Instead it was 63.59 percent which is what the law really called for. In 1922 the payment was not 58 percent of net income but 35.02 percent.

Next to be observed is the decline in the rates paid by the various groups. These reductions are most pronounced in the lowest and in the highest groups. In the lowest four given above the rate paid in 1924 was about one-third that paid in 1921 and in 1922. In the highest groups the reductions were very marked in 1922, ranging from 30 to 45 percent while still more occurred in 1923 and in 1924. It is to be noticed that the rates paid on incomes of $100,000 and over in 1923 were very much lower than in 1924. The law provided that for 1923 the tax be calculated in accordance with certain rates imposed and that from the amount thus found there should be a reduction of 25 percent. As a result rates paid by the largest incomes in 1923 were decidedly below these of 1922 and those of 1924.

The rates given show clearly that for 1923 the largest incomes were the greatest gainers. They paid only 23.53 percent which is 37 percent of the rate they were paying in 1921. Other groups had reductions, but none so much as a group, the reason presumably being the distribution of incomes within the group. Rates paid in 1924 show a distinct reduction over 1923 for the lower groups, a moderate one for incomes from $25,000 to $100,000, a slight increase in rates for incomes from $100,000 to $1,000,000 and a marked increase for the incomes of $1,000,00 and over.

Returns for 1924 show rates for net incomes up to $10,000 to be about one-third those in 1921. Rates paid by the larger incomes have been substantially lowered, though less than those on the smallest ones. Reductions in rates have been least for incomes ranging from $25,000 to $300,000.

What do these figures mean? Reductions in the law of 1921 were of little help in 1922 except to the largest incomes. The 25 percent reduction gave general relief in rates in 1923. Changes of 1924 gave the greatest aid to those with small incomes. The largest incomes received "first aid." Needless to say it does not follow that the relation among rates in 1924 is satisfactory merely because the largest reduction in rates has finally gone to those with small incomes. That would assume that the relationship between rates in 1921 was appropriate. Also it leaves out all mention of the important fact that a higher percentage of small incomes than of large ones goes to indirect taxes.

But these figures are for rates. How about the aggregate amounts received from the various groups paying at these rates? In 1921 it was maintained that high surtaxes were yielding less than could be secured through lower rates. What do the latest returns show? The accompanying table shows the facts by classes of incomes.

Income Classes	*1921*	*1924*	*Gain(+) or loss(—) percent*
$300,000 and over			
Number of returns	246	773	214+
Total net income	$153,534,305	$483,686,765	215+
Tax Yield	$88,391,446	$134,844,284	52+
$100,000 to $300,000			
Number of returns	2,106	4,921	133+
Total net income	$309,469,046	$739,625,509	138+
Tax Yield	$113,826,044	$165,352,228	45+
$25,000 to $100,000			
Number of returns	37,663	62,158	65+
Total net income	$1,561,859,523	$2,634,156,579	68+
Tax Yield	$228,621,475	$244,768,630	7+
$5,000 to $25,000			
Number of returns	485,591	622,550	28+
Total net income	$4,336,915,443	$5,781,895,857	33+
Tax Yield	$195,757,832	$106,084,129	46—
$5,000 and below			
Number of returns	6,136,570	6,608,079	7+
Total net income	$13,215,434,211	$15,383,846,183	16+
Tax Yield	$92,790,309	$38,084,914	58—
Grand Totals			
Number of returns	6,662,176	7,298,481	9+
Total net income	$19,577,212,528	$25,023,210,893	27+
Tax Yield	$719,387,106	$689,134,185	4—

Rates have twice been reduced since taxpayers prepared their returns for their 1921 incomes. In that period there has been a pronounced revival of business with a consequent growth of 9 percent in the numbers filing returns and of 27 percent in their aggregate net income, but with a decline of

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4 percent in tax yield. (It must not be overlooked that these are preliminary figures.)

Percentage gains it will be observed have been greatest among those with the largest incomes—$300,000 and over—where the number of returns and the total net income have gained 214 and 215 percent respectively, but the tax yield from the group only 52 percent. Returns for incomes ranging from $100,000 to $300,000 have gained 133 percent and net income 138 percent, but tax yield only 45 percent. Lower rates have not brought larger returns from these classes but smaller when allowance is made for the growth of business and the fact that their net incomes have more than trebled in the first group described and more than doubled in the other. In the lower classes there has been a moderate increase in numbers and in income and the reduced rates have brought a smaller yield.

A final question to which a decisive answer is now given is the extent to which people with large incomes are investing in tax-exempt securities. In the report of November 14 there are given the amounts of wholly and partially tax-exempt securities reported by various income classes in 1924 and the amounts of interest received thereon. For the classes with the largest incomes they are as follows:

Income Classes	*Total net income*	*Interest rec'd from wholly and partially tax-exempt securities*	*% of (2) to (1)*
$100,000 to $150,000	$367,049,390	$19,580,859	5.33
150,000 to 300,000	372,576,119	29,297,094	7.86
300,000 to 500,000	171,482,809	12,263,161	7.15
500,000 to 1,000,000	157,357,247	12,430,926	7.90
1,000,000 and over	154,852,709	10,902,628	7.04
Totals	$1,223,312,274	$84,474,668	6.90

In this tabulation we have given the total net income for each income class and the total interest received from both wholly and partially tax-exempt securities. Finally comes the percentage of the interest received on tax-exempts to total net income. This is only 6.9 percent for the entire group and seems to dispose of some of the extravagant assertions about huge investments by the wealthy in tax-exempts. There were said to be $13,552,000,000 of wholly tax-exempt securities outstanding at the end of 1924. Of these only $3,654,798,026 were reported as held by persons with incomes of $5,000 and over. The necessary steps should be taken to end the issue of tax-exempt securities but the facts do not support the contention that the situation demands a reduction of surtaxes to remedy it. The amount invested in this way by the rich is not large enough to warrant such action.

Thus far the data made public by the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue fail to support many of the assertions so commonly heard. High taxes are not curtailing business or causing a shortage of capital. Reduced rates have resulted in lower returns. Investments in tax-exempts to escape high surtaxes have not been huge. Rates paid by various income classes are far from being as high as the surtax rates so often referred to. In other words it is possible, for those who desire, to deal with the problem on its merits. Misleading assertions may be brushed aside and we may decide just what rates we wish to apply to various income classes. Even so the task is not easy. We are committed to income taxation and to progressive rates. Just what they should be for each class and how these classes should be arranged is perplexing enough in itself.

A word may be said about the pending legislation. A bill has been prepared by the Ways and Means Committee of the House which may undergo extensive alterations after discussion by House, Senate, and Conference Committee. Yet it is well to remember that the rates in this bill are not so stated as to tax incomes at such high rates as many suppose.

Under the present law there is a surtax of 40 percent on incomes of $500,000 and over, yet in 1924 those with incomes of $1,000,000 and over paid as combined normal tax and surtax only 30.13 percent (according to the preliminary report.) Discussion of the new law should keep this in mind. It is proposed to levy normal taxes of 1, 3, and 5 percent. In addition surtaxes are to be imposed ranging from 1 percent to 20 percent, the latter figure applying to that part of a net income that is in excess of $100,000. The surtax actually imposed on an income of $14,000 is $40 or .28 percent; on an income of $30,000 the surtax proposed is $920 or 3.06 percent; on an income of $50,000 it is $3,460, or 6.92 percent; and on an income of $100,000 it is $12,360 or 12.36 percent. These taxes are, of course, in addition to the normal tax.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

Integrating the Carol Kennicotts

MARRIED life for the majority of educated American women is either "aching comedy" or callous tragedy. If the woman is able to continue a lively intellectual interest and at the same time perform adequately the functions of parenthood, she may succeed in elevating marriage to the exalted levels of high comedy—a set of human relations in which the essential conflicts are resolved, integrated, creatively utilized. Few marriages persist on that level. Tragedy, it is true, is often concealed by farce and melodrama, by compromises downward which dull the ache and suppress the tragic consciousness of defeat. Married life may thus go on with a semblance of success but only in so far as the woman is content to play a tragi-comic rôle.

Carol Kennicott and her battle with Main Street may still be regarded as adequate symbols for this phase of frustrated life. And it will be remembered that she was thoroughly beaten in the end. Nothing in that story of revolt is so pitiful as her rationalized capitulation to Main Street:

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> *Carol:* But I have won in this: I've never excused my failures by sneering at my aspirations, by pretending to have gone beyond them. I do not admit that Main Street is as beautiful as it should be! I do not admit that Gopher Prairie is greater or more generous than Europe! I do not admit that dish-washing is enough to satisfy all women! I may not have fought the good fight, but I have kept the faith.
>
> *Kennicott:* Sure. You bet you have. . . . Well, good-night. Sort of feels to me like it might snow tomorrow. Have to be thinking about putting up the storm-windows pretty soon. Say, did you notice whether the girl put that screw-driver back?

Aspirations, the good fight, faith—storm-windows and screw-drivers, and she had asked for the "greatness of life!"

Is marriage then to be considered as one of the irrepressible conflicts? Must the educated woman choose between mutually exclusive desires: self-expression through continuance of her intellectual interests or male companionship, home and children? Is a division of labor in which some women will elect the functions of wifehood and parenthood while others seek professional careers and intellectual independence inevitable? Must those who take the latter course also face the dilemma of deciding between complete exclusion of sexual experience and defiance of the conventions which are presumed to protect the integrity and sanctity of marriage? Childless marriages, although increasing, are not sufficiently numerous to constitute the norm and must consequently be excluded as clues to solution; no one supposes, even in a highly sophisticated and over-populated world, that marriage without children is either a physiological or sociological answer. Besides, marriages based upon conscious non-reproduction have not been conspicuously successful in achieving the desired integration; in one sense they are an evasion of the issue.

Happily courage has been found with which to seek means of release and adjustment in the mood of scientific inquiry. Smith College has, with the assistance of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, inaugurated an institute for the coördination of women's interests. The collaboration of these two institutions—one designed to educate women and the other to conserve women's interests—is in itself a step of considerable significance toward coördination. What is needed, according to the formal announcement of this project, is "a new psychology of action . . . that shall integrate the woman's normal family life with a genuine continuous intellectual interest, and thus conserve the attainments and powers reached in the work of the college." It must be a *positive affirmation* and resolute inclusion of interests, not, as now, a deprecating, apologetic adjustment of two aims concededly warring with each other. This new psychology of action must also develop a specific technique of release and adjustment for the educated woman within the normal family life; what might be called an "intellectual economy." In addition to the specific experiments conducted in the environment of the College, graduates will be expected to coöperate by sharing their experiences with the Institute. Thus experiment and demonstration under scientific control will be paralleled by the corrective experience of numerous participants. The method appears to be in harmony with modern tendencies in the social sciences and should result fruitfully. If it does nothing more than induce a few hundred college women to become conscious of their behavior under the compelling adjustments of marriage, it will have justified itself.

Specifically, the Institute proposes to experiment with coöperative enterprises which will release women from the drudgeries of home-keeping. It is assumed that a "mastery of the basic arts of family life" is essential and that this can be accomplished more readily if certain functions are transferred to a coöperative technique. Technical bases are for the most part already available, awaiting further application and demonstration. The Institute's program becomes difficult when viewed as a phase of adult education. A proposal to change adult activity in significant directions must somehow become an adequate stimulus to the social process. The gateways toward release for most married women will be opened when coöperative activities replace time-wasting individual activities, but how is a coöperative enterprise to be set going in a social milieu which contains no sufficient or compelling coöperative stimuli? Presumably Smith College graduates are expected to supply this stimulus; if they do, it will be because their education has been directed along lines which induce coöperative ways of living. This is precisely the kind of education which most colleges fail to provide.

But the paradox persists: the purpose of these coöperative enterprises is to furnish releases for intellectual activities, but intellectual activities, if they are to have meanings above asceticism, need to be shared; we do not learn coöperative habits on one level in order to negative those habits on another. A coöperative nursery may afford the mother three or five or ten extra hours for something more educative, more creative, more self-expressive, than baby-tending. She may, let us say, use these added hours to do what most college women insist marriage prevents, namely, "keep up her reading." But if she reads without sharing the experience of reading, she will find herself cut off from participating relationships with the other mothers with whom she coöperates in the nursery.* Roughly stated, how can an educated married woman sustain a continuous intellectual interest in a

* Some nurseries do appreciate the advantages to child and mother which may be gained from the interchange of experiences. Here the mothers give part-time care to the group of children and engage in conferences upon the common problems which appear daily.

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community which makes no functional use of her intelligence? No amount of "positive affirmation" will suffice to alter the fact that graduates of Smith College, like graduates of all institutions of so-called higher learning, are obliged to spend their married lives in dull American communities where the cultural standards are set by those who possess the most wealth—not the most intelligence. By implication at least, something profoundly regenerating must also happen to the culture-complex of these communities if educated women are to find suitable soil and nurture for developing coördinated, integrated, unified personalities.

It becomes apparent that any movement looking toward a re-orientation of the family—the institution which is assumed to be basic for our society—must necessarily exert pressure in many directions. We have already seen that an attempted adjustment of a small group of college women demands a corresponding adjustment on the part of the college itself and also upon that of the neighborhoods and communities in which experiments are to be made. But the proposed Institute includes in its program the professional married woman who not merely wants to continue her intellectual interests but who in addition wishes to maintain a vocational function outside the family. This, as the director of the Institute recognizes, calls for a modification of the professions, and since the professions are meshed in our total economic structure, the conclusion must be that economic readjustments will be sought. From this point onward one's concern for the relatively small number of college women who combine marriage and a profession begins to wane; into the picture looms that larger and perhaps more important body of uneducated married women who work, not because they have aspirations for careers or because of an urge to continue intellectual activities, but because they lack bread and shoes and money to pay the rent. If there is need for modification of the selected professions on behalf of a small number of college women, how much greater is the need for industrial modification in the interest of working mothers who merely have jobs—the mothers who, after all, bear by far the greater burden in child-bearing as well as in productive labor. Present industrial organization does not aim to give employment to either women or men on terms which will be best suited for the development of their personalities; it exists to produce profits, and something bordering on a psychological and spiritual revolution must take place among those possessing economic power before this formula is reversed.

The Institute for Coördinating Women's Interests will be obliged to consider sooner or later the innumerable questions which the foregoing critical analysis raises. These questions are proposed, not as obstacles or discouragements, but rather as signals and suggestions. The director of the Institute advises a "modest and tentative" approach accompanied by "thrilling interest and humble minds"; the critic could ask no more. What is most to be admired at the moment is the courage which lies back of this venture. The Institute is attacking a problem which probably is central to the major portion of civilized unhappiness. It deserves immediate applause and continuing encouragement.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Washington Notes

BY the time this appears in print the Senate will in all probability be up to its more or less dignified neck in the World Court fight. The valiant Swanson of Virginia will have flayed the air, sounded a few trumpet calls, called the illustrious dead to witness, and pointed the way to glory. According to schedule he is to open the debate and about half of the Senate is to follow. This will be the oratorical feast of the session. More and hotter words for and against, pro and con, will be used in this, the first big fight of the Sixty-ninth Congress, than in any other during this whole session. There will be bitterness and hate enough and to spare before it is over. On no other issue before Congress today is it possible to arouse the passion which this seems to generate. The curious thing is that the passion so far as Washington is concerned, is almost entirely monopolized by the opponents of the Court. They—Borah, Reed, Johnson, and the other isolationists—are far more personally enthusiastic over the defeat of the measure than Mr. Coolidge and the administration leaders in the Senate are for its success.

In that single fact rests the complete explanation why the Court proposal was permitted all last session to lie on the shelf in the Committee on Foreign Relations in spite of the unconditional and unequivocal way in which both Republican Presidents and both Republican platforms since 1920 had pledged themselves to its acceptance.

With Borah, no matter how wrong-headed he may be, no one doubts that his fight against the Court springs from deep conviction and a burning belief that the scheme is a sinister and wicked one. Beyond question his mental pictures on this subject are all out of perspective and his imagination is inflamed, but he does feel that way very deeply and he is all stirred up over the subject. So are the men who follow him. On the other hand, Mr. Coolidge's advocacy of the Court proposal while sincere enough in its way is utterly devoid of fire or force.

I do not mean by that to intimate that he is sceptical about the soundness of our joining the Court, or that he is at heart in any way hostile. That would be absurd and there is not in Mr. Coolidge, whatever one may think about his limitations, any of that sort of double dealing. What I am trying to convey is that he has no inherent interest in the World Court or any other similar issue. He advocates it because he and his party are pledged to it, because it is politically the expedient thing to do, because his little group of advisers, including Dwight Morrow, are strongly for it, and because repetition of the failure of the last session would be more or less calamitous politically, damaging to his prestige, harmful to his position.

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To fail again would be a most astounding demonstration that a single Senator—Borah—against odds, was a more powerful man in the government than the President. Mr. Coolidge wants no such demonstration as that and will put all his weight back of the effort to get the proposal through.

The weight and the votes are on the affirmative side and with the Democrats almost solidly for the Court and opposed to the silly idea of separating it from the League, it is almost inconceivable that it should not go through within the next few weeks. I believe it will, but it will not be the strength and strategy of the good Calvin that will have achieved the result. It will be due to Democratic votes. It will be an interesting and significant thing if in a Senate controlled by Republicans, in the vote by which the proposal to adhere is adopted, more Democrats than Republicans should be recorded in its favor. Yet any analysis shows that is more than likely to happen.

As for me, on December 17—the day the Court proposal comes up—I am going up to the Senate to hear Claude Swanson. I always enjoy seeing him in action. He is, for a while at least, worth any man's time. I like to watch the free swing of his arms, to listen to the words as they tumble out of his mouth, to puzzle over those marvelously mixed metaphors and recall some of the stories they tell about him down in Virginia. They say down there that Claude has two mottoes to which he has closely adhered all his political life. The first is this "When in doubt do right." The other is this—"When the water reaches the upper deck follow the rats." To stick these stories on the eloquent and gifted Claude may be unjust, but they do swear to them in certain parts of Virginia.

There is much talk among Democratic leaders in Washington these days about new "investigations" to be made at this session. I do not know exactly what they are going to investigate and I do not think they do, either, but I am for it. In the absence of a program and with neither an economic nor a social issue upon which they can unite, investigations seem to be the only things left for the Democrats. It is a useful work. I wish them luck. Inquiries and investigations are healthful things. They help keep the fear of God in those who have power and render them slightly less arrogant. In particular I am for them in this session because they annoy Senator William M. Butler so terribly that, according to his friends, he contemplates quitting public life if there is to be a continuation of that sort of policy toward the Administration. I do not of course believe he will quit, but if there is a chance of his doing so I am in favor of taking it.

One thing I hope the Democrats do not overlook this session and that is to say a few words now and then concerning those highly efficient and enthusiastic "Special Counsel" whom Mr. Coolidge appointed to prosecute the oil lease fraud cases one year, ten months and two weeks ago today. The point, I think, to bring out is that as a result of the labors of the "Special Counsel" neither Mr. Fall, Mr. Doheny or Mr. Sinclair has as yet appeared in Court. That will annoy Senator Butler, too.

Washington. T. R. B.

Two English Plays

Easy Virtue, by Noel Coward. Empire Theatre, December 7, 1925.

Young Woodley, by John Van Druten. Belmont Theatre, November 2, 1925.

THE success and the dexterity and theatrical appeal of Mr. Noel Coward's Vortex ought to make the event at the Empire belong to him, but such is not the case.

Easy Virtue has no little of the facility of the other play, it affords some promise of that more successful achievement. The moment when John's wife tries to go to her room and at every turn is met by a member of the family appearing at some exit—the symbol of her obliteration in the midst of them—is in the same kind as the best of The Vortex; it shows the same talent for the thumbnail sketch, for the trim and happy edge, the little scene so perfectly projected and outlined that we delight in it for itself. The talent for dialogue that clips along and carries us pleasantly with it occurs now and again in this Coward play also. But in the main Easy Virtue is very very thin. Its general quality is novelistic in pitch and imitative in matter.

There is nothing to get excited over and attack, nothing to pitch into Easy Virtue for. The whole case is one of a situation somewhat derived from preceding dramas more or less profound, from Ibsen's Doll's House, so far as the walking-out-of-the-house-at-the-end motive goes, and akin to these same walking-out dramas to be seen everywhere, The Easiest Way, Craig's Wife, In a Garden and many another such solution of family problems, done easily and almost glibly in our day, though to Ibsen it provided a struggle that was deep and rending, however provincial in its horizon and glum in its temper it may have been. The subject matter of Easy Virtue is quite as familiar, the introduction into a conventional household of a lady with a past. And the case of Easy Virtue in yet another respect is as well known to us, a launching into living stuff that might tax the greatest soul and greatest genius to its depths, and a diverting resolution of such a burden and mystery into facile and slight solutions. No, the honors of Easy Virtue go not to the dramatist, but to Miss Jane Cowl and the director.

Miss Cowl has the part of Larita, a woman married off early by her mother to an older man, divorced by that first husband, floated over the world under the banners of men that have loved her and that she has loved, and now married to John, the son of Colonel Whittaker, and brought home to the Whittaker country seat, a tense mother, two sisters, a boyhood sweetheart, English weather, and what not? The past returns on her in the shape of a newspaper notice. She is up-to-date and a long way after Paula Tanqueray and scorns to be the magdalen for these family persecutors, refuses indeed even to regret her course. The present concern is her relation to John. She loves John, not so much physically as otherwise, which only makes her case worse, since he is a shallow fellow, charming, slight, and already worn out with her difference from him in tastes and in her mere possession of a brain. Three months have passed at length, and Larita walks out, while a dancing party is on, Chinese lanterns, smilax, moth-

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ers, jazz, supper and all, and the curtain falls. It is a part which the dramatist has written with little depth or volume on the one hand, and on the other has been unwilling to trick out with the theatrical flare and snappy pointing up that the older theatre of Bernhardt, Sardou, Sudermann's Magda—and how many others!—employed to produce the lively glitter and clash that the stage thrives upon. Miss Cowl's performance stays admirably within the piece as it stands. It seeks no more pathos, flash and problematic meaning than the play can carry, and so leaves the dramatic structure as it was designed by the author and not warped out of gear by the emphasis of a star's egotism, which is what would usually happen. Of a rôle that is only sketched in, Miss Cowl's is a performance intelligent, technically competent, dignified and gentle.

Miss Marda Vanne created very well the best drawn character in the play, Marion, a girl without charm who has taken on a certain blunt, swearing, mannish directness as a mask above thwarted and suppressed natural desires. Miss Mabel Terry Lewis played with her inherited breeding and distinction, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes kept sentiment out of the father's part, another rôle sketched in with engaging insight. The speed and dexterity of Mr. Basil Dean at directing this sort of English naturalism appeared at every point, as it does also in The Vortex. Through this alertness and bright tempo the thin substance of Easy Virtue springs into fair entertainment, for at least as long as we are in the theatre. Only once does Mr. Dean's method damage the play. At the moment when Larita is explaining her case to the confidential friend, telling over the question of the love she feels for her husband and the state of affairs between them, the important content of the scene would appear in a slower and more pertinent tempo, which would carry all the more import because of its contrast with the lively and often brilliant rhythms before it. Otherwise Mr. Dean affords a capital instance of directing as one of the mediums that go to make up the art of the theatre.

Young Woodley is a story of a sensitive English boy in the midst of a great public school like Eton, for example, though the spot portrayed is imaginary. The play has been forbidden by the censor in London because, doubtless, of its comment on the blindness and brutality of the school system. In America where we are free to produce it, there is bound to be much in such a theme that slips by the audience, its atmosphere is foreign to us. But the humanity of the theme remains. The delicacy and reserve of the writing, and the kind of tender promise that is in it, must be evident to almost anybody. We may admire too the skill with which the writer skates by Candida without wreckage, the situations might be ruinously alike.

Young Woodley, shy, lonely, surrounded by the guying and fagging of the place, writes poetry and is in love with the master's young wife. She, it turns out, loves him too. The reactions of the boys and of the husband are what we might expect. On the master's request young Woodley's father comes and takes him away and into business with him.

If this is neither a great nor a powerfully imagined play, not another Candida in fact, it is at least a delightful and gentle thing, one of the happiest of late seasons in our theatre, one of the most lovable and memorable. Its sensitive observation, its simplicity and directness are admirable. Its picture is not so much that of youth rebellious, jazzy, ruthless, which we have been treated to so abundantly of late, but, what is more universal and poignant by far, of youth with all its passionate urgency, its surprised solitude, its brutality and confusion and rank, wild growth. As drama this play leans rather heavily on the good acting that it enjoys at the Belmont; but as the art of the theatre that is nothing against it, since acting is one of the main elements in this art. In its judgment Young Woodley has something more permanent than most theatrical writing; its approach to its material is even and secure.

STARK YOUNG.

Paul Valéry in the Academy

THE election of Paul Valéry to the French Academy as the successor to Anatole France has an appropriateness and an interest rather unusual in Academy elections. Anatole France was perhaps the greatest French writer of the period preceding the War and he was also a perfect representative of the literature of that time. Valéry, although known first in the nineties as a disciple of Mallarmé, has emerged recently, after a fifteen years' silence, broken only in 1917, as one of the most distinguished and characteristic figures of post-war literature. But in the very difference between the kinds of reputation which France and Valéry have won, the difference between the two periods appears. Anatole France was a popular writer, sold on all the bookstalls of France and known all over the civilized world; Valéry, though lately designated by a vote among French men of letters as the greatest living French poet, is read chiefly by other writers and his poems have had so little sale that they are at present all out of print. France was voluminous and lucid: he used to advise M. Brousson to remember that they were "writing for the bourgeois" and by himself he provided the reading public with a whole literature—history, satire, literary criticism, love stories, poetry, plays, philosophy and propaganda. Paul Valéry publishes little and is difficult: his whole genius has been concentrated to the production of a few elaborate and magnificent poems; his miscellaneous prose writings fill only about three volumes. He has a horror of facility: his poetry is definitive and intense; his prose he publishes with apologies. And where France was occupied with the attempt to resolve the incongruities and discords of life into the simplicity and the harmony at least of a logical style, Valéry has set himself the task of reproducing in his very language the complexities and the confusions of interacting emotions and ideas, at the same time that he labors to mold them to a marmoreal solidity. Furthermore, the phenomena with which France deals are usually the phenomena of life as it is lived in the world; whereas, with Valéry, it is always a question either of the isolated or of the ideal human mind, studying its own contradictions and admiring its own flights.

Particularly significant is the different character of the extra-literary preoccupations of Valéry and of France. Both are men exceptionally alert to the life of the European world and of an exceptionally wide acquaintance with European culture. But when France's attention wanders from literature, it gravitates to politics. He makes speeches, writes pamphlets and manifestos, becomes the figurehead of a party. France's mind had been deeply imbued with the point of view of scientific materialism and he was haunted

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all his life by the nightmares of nineteenth century science, the extinction of the sun, the dizziness of space, the human being regarded as a machine, the reversion of mankind to barbarism through a reversal of the evolutionary process. But when he was stirred by any hopes of salvation for the miserable human race, he turned naturally to political activity. Valéry, on the other hand, scarcely occupies himself with politics at all. Aside from poetry, his principal interests are philosophic and scientific; he has made some study of relativity, and runs to physical and mathematical allusions. But it is no longer the scientific determinism of Anatole France's era which colors his speculations: it is the new scientific philosophy, still obscure and imperfectly formulated, which seems to be preparing an escape from the universe of ineluctable iron laws and relentless chains of cause and effect in which the mind of Europe has been caught. In one of the most interesting of his essays, Valéry discusses those passages in Pascal in which we see Pascal terrified and oppressed by the silent abysses of space. This vision of the scientific imagination drove Pascal into a fanatical piety and later writers, like France, to despair. But in Valéry we hear the note of a new tone, which dares to laugh at the gloomy zeal of Pascal in insisting upon the insignificance and the ignominy of man, a disposition which France shared with him. He catches already the first lights of an era in which our increasing knowledge of the universe will have changed, "not merely our ideas, but certain of our immediate reactions" and when "what one might call 'Pascal's reaction' may become a rarity and an object of curiosity for psychologists."

It is amusing to compare the most celebrated creation of Valéry with the most celebrated creation of France: M. Teste with M. Bergeret. M. Bergeret is a social being, polite, agreeable and fond of company; living in a community alloyed with many elements which he feels to be inimical or alien, the common civilization of that society is what he has chiefly at heart. He is perpetually discussing its future with his neighbors and, when an important political issue arises, he is prompt and vigorous to take sides. But M. Teste is outside society, he is a monster of abstraction. "He neither smiled, nor said good-day nor good-bye; and seemed not to hear one's how do you do"; and his effect on Mme. Teste was to make her feel that she did not exist. As M. Valéry has recently explained, he is an allegory of the mind by itself, isolated from "all the opinions and intellectual habits which spring from the common life and our external relations with other men" and disembarrassed of "all the sentiments and ideas which are engendered or excited in man by his misfortunes and his fears, his terrors and his hopes; and not freely by his sheer observations on the world and on himself." He is a sort of type of the sensibility of the modern symbolist poet: when he spoke, "one would feel mixed with the very essence of things . . . participating even in detail in the shifting shades and colors of the streets, as well as feeling oneself a part of their cornerstones." He is the source at once of our contemporary literature, with its submergence in the subjective adventures of the individual consciousness; and of the heroic and astonishing abstractions of our scientific thought.

And, with all his difficulty, his bad manners, his austerity and his self-preoccupation, M. Teste brings to modern literature some of the new strength from an unexpected direction which every new generation needs. M. Bergeret, the most agreeable man in the world, left us rather badly off; his later years were full of trouble and he became pessimistic. M. Teste, for all his asperities, may yet bring us confidence and hope.

EDMUND WILSON.

A Light Unto the Jew

AS a Jew to whom the term has an increasing import, I cannot see that the American Jews, so far, have merited too well of their country. They have taken much, they have participated much: as Jews, they have given little. What they have received was of course the opportunity to thrive, and they have thriven. The way of this opportunity has been material. Such a word as liberty comes into it, of course: but it has been liberty to possess rather than to create, of which the Jews have taken advantage. On their arrival in America, they came down as swiftly as they could to the *nutritive* level of our life. This has been the tenor of their participation. America needed to be materially fed, in order to grow. And the Jews, like other immigrants, fashioned their activities upon the rationale of the land's material progress, whose terms are comfort, power, wealth. Upon this level, they have produced good men. Jews are leaders in the liberal professions, in commerce, in journalism, in minor arts. But the very essence of such "leadership" is confirmity with the prevailing movements of the people. It is a leadership which implies assimilation and which denies that individual contribution which is leadership, indeed. Jewish leaders of this sort have been acceptable expressions of American mass needs: they have not been in any essential Jewish; and, as measured by the ideal tradition rather than the recent fact of our land, they have not been American. Their way is remote, not alone from the way of the prophets and the Jewish martyrs, but as well from the way of Lincoln and Emerson and Whitman.

Now, oddly enough, it has been precisely from Jews of this undifferentiated sort, that the loudest cries have come against Anti-semitism. The sleek and larded Jewish lawyer rails against the Ku Klux Klan; the fat Jewish guzzler at the American trough sheds virtuous tears over prejudice at Harvard (or in high-priced hotels) and over the restrictive rules of immigration; the most sycophantic rabbi, preaching an implicit immersion in the law of the American mob, grows eloquent over the Eternal Cause of Israel. Yet, aside from their protests, what have American Jews done to make race prejudice un-American indeed? The conditions which they deplore are effects: and the cause of these particular effects is the general state of the American mind. The "successful" Jew, the "leading" Jew in his abject adhesion to American ways and in his shrewd participation has nourished the very causes of his grief. Has he not stripped himself naked of his noble but "queer" past in order to trade and truckle? Has he not grown fat by exploitation of the moral chaos which perhaps must accompany the opening of any land, and then joined in the common pæans to a "law and order" designed chiefly to entrench him with his gains? Has he not gone out of his way to impress upon his country that his Jewishness means no difference, either in moral, in idea or act? By what logic then does he protest against the conclusion of Henry Ford that—since Judaism by his own conduct is no longer a religion or a nation—it must be a *clique?* or wonder if the overseers of an old college, impotently harking back to their ancestors the Puritans, should want to bar him out in the very name of a culture built upon the prophets?

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The American Jew must ask himself a question: Why as a Jew should he survive in the body of the American world? If he can find no reason save a vague nostalgic sentimentalism, his troubles are over. Like his collateral ancestors in Egypt, Babylonia, Alexandria, Spain, he will cease to be a Jew. To survive as a Jew his fathers for several thousand years had an *ideal* reason—and their Judaism was the whole living of that reason. The separate Jewish way of life was the full symbol of a separate ideal. Where the ideal weakened, the individual Jew went out. Where the ideal lived, the remnant lived—glad to embrace the bitter world born of its distinction; and unafraid before a prejudice which barred not some bauble of vanity (like American prejudice today), but almost life itself. The last centuries have commonly made liquidation of all our inherited ideals. Those of the Jew, so integrally woven in the life of Europe, have not been spared. The irrationality of the American Jew, in attempting to hold to a name sedulously stripped of all uncomfortable content, and in deploring the reactions against himself of an American world whose spirit he strives marvelous well to share, is but an instance of the general confusion.

The American Jew cannot answer his question: Shall I survive? until he discovers for himself afresh what it is to be a Jew and in what living ways the Jewish culture impinges upon the contemporary world and upon his contemporary soul. He cannot begin to confront the question until he has heroically severed his reality from the heroic fervors of his past. And there is fortunately rising in America a movement which sees this problem and sets out, soberly, creatively, to find an answer.

The name of the movement is The Menorah,* and it was born about twenty years ago at Harvard. Its founders were all scholars. Among them were H. M. Kallen, H. A. Wolfson, professor of Jewish Literature and Philosophy at Harvard; Dr. H. M. Sheffer, the logician, also of Harvard; Leo Sharfman, professor of economics at Michigan; Louis L. Silverman, professor of mathematics at Dartmouth; Nathan Isaacs, professor of law at Harvard; A. S. Oko, liberarian of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, and Henry Hurwitz, who has devoted his whole career to what quickly adumbrated from Harvard into an Intercollegiate Association, with a magazine—the Menorah Journal—as its chief means of expression. As Mr. Oko put it, in one of his early papers, "The several Jewish schools of thought — Orthodoxy, Reform, Conservatism, Zionism — write on their blackboards ever so many exclamation-points, but never a query. The Menorah began, then, with a cultural, a humanistic query. What *are* Jewish history, literature, religion, to the contemporary mind? The early years of the Group were marked, it must be admitted, more by the analytical will than by any revelation. Henry Hurwitz, the leader, soon discovered that although the question of the analyst was needed, although it alone could preserve the mind from errors of misapplied emotion, there could be no positive answer until there were creators. The Menorah grew to be the fomenter and forum of creative work among the Jews. It held that such work could flourish only if it were actively protected against all old formalisms, for from such work could come new forms of life. This was the single dogma of the Menorah movement.

There is no space here to treat of it in detail. Its program is potential. It is sectarian only insofar as it challenges the Jew to produce a future worthy of his past. It believes that Jewish genius is once again a child. Like a child, it must go to school, it must be nurtured, it must be disciplined, it must be encouraged to grow up, by autonomous assimilation of the past, into an autonomous life. For this reason I look upon The Menorah as the most promising activity in the United States. It corroborates the feeling that America is indeed coming of age. For it is very close to the self-critical and creative temper of the American youth everywhere, confronted as it is with an inherited chaos of deformed and misapplied ideals from which it must make order and on which it must ineluctibly build its future.

I know what treatment I shall receive from many sincere professional Jews, for my strictures on Jewish contributions to American life. Whole pages of Who's Who will be hurled in my face. Hundreds of bankers, doctors, politicians will be marshalled against me; libraries of books by Jews, myriad songs by Jews, acres of eleemosynary buildings built by Jews will be lined up to my confusion. I shall be confounded by the lists of charitable splendors done by gentlemen of Jewish name: rural schools for Negroes in the South, German music and Russian dances for gentiles in the towns, colleges for aeronautics—yea! (for all I know to the contrary) Episcopalian cathedrals. And I shall be amazed that with all this excellent work upon the common level of American life the Americans Jews have done so little to put off their own destruction. For not alone does such work not justify the American Jew to remain a Jew; even millions of dollars sent abroad so that the Jews of Poland may go to Palestine will not defend the existence, as Jews, of the givers of these millions.

Unless the Jew, in his own soul and in his own life, is "justified" he ceases within a generation to be a Jew. For his country is the mind, and his state is spirit. And there has been, for two thousand years of the Western world, no generation more immediately in need than ours of the essential gift of Jewish genius.

WALDO FRANK.

* The Menorah is the Hebrew candle-stick.

Stone into Rose

Beside the paved street dig a place for roots;
Pump out the water, break the rock with drills
Until another cube of granite shoots
Up from this earth that once was trees and hills.
Lift a hard stalk to bear you wheels and square
Blossoms of paper, wood, and ordered words;
I'll break the earth to launch a rosebush where
Nothing shall shadow it but wind-spun birds.

Your stone and glass, being hard, will crumble down,
Gnawed by the teeth of rats, the feet of men;
Stone makes good dust, and once being overthrown,
Scatters no seed that comes to growth again;
Unless, sucked up by wind, at last it goes
Back to the earth in rain to feed a rose.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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POEMS

Christman Eve

I had an old man to my friend
Who gave me, near December's end,
Twelve chosen apples, fresh as dew:
"A Christmas gift I bring to you."

With palsied hands he searched the fruit
From out the pockets of his suit,
Deep cunning pockets that he wore,
And set the apples me before.

"You are a lad I like," said he;
I like those songs you sing to me;
I like your face, for mine, ye know,
Was much like yours the years ago."

I took the apples two by two,
Twelve apples: "Friend, 'tis kind of you!"
—But I was stung by mortal dread
To grow like him the years ahead.

The Tinker

I would go to a dell in Derry
That is full of brown pools,
And quiet as an empty purse,
With grass enough on the bridge to feed a goat.

For to sit in the grass of that bridge,
And to be making faces at the daws
Pecking their gobs in the road,
Is a soothing avocation.

And there is Mary Mullan,
With her cordial voice and no shoes,
Come to be pickin' raspberries:
They hang on the racks of the sweet hedge
Scarlet and heavy,
Like little lumps of meat
On the hooks of the butcher.

Ah, Derry, Derry!

Bereavement

I lost my love through losing
    My true conceit of love,
When things beyond my choosing
    Made havoc of my vows;
And all her faith abusing,
Her constancy ill-using,
I lost my love in losing
    My true conceit of love.

O, fruitless now complaining
    Her bonds were lightly worn,
When all is past regaining,
    And bitterness succeeds,
Man's love is past ordaining,
A gilt cock ever vaning:
Ah, foolish now complaining
    Her bonds were lightly worn!

The Shadow

Of life and all its pleasure—
    Would pleasure were its end!—
I would not stint the measure
    To enemy or friend.
Let fate be sour or soothing,
    Untimely or towards,
Live to enjoy each new thing,
    The dream that life affords.

But there's a call supremer,
    An ultra-mundane goal,
That wakens every dreamer,
    And pledges every soul;
A quickening and a wonder
    That ever onward streams
Of sounding deeds that thunder
    The emptiness of dreams.

Yet, suns, for all their brightness,
    Burn not without a shade;
The moon's imperial whiteness
In blackest nets is laid.
Daedalian ages floated
    The bright ones on their way
With shadows, still devoted,
    Not less, but more, than they.

So, life-enslaved, the spirit
    Endures a shadowy claim,
And what is proved of merit
    Comes short of all its aim;
Still, like a drowsy farer
    Whose dog behind him creeps,
Goes on my soul, the sharer
    Of a shade that never sleeps.

Some lewd or idle fancy
    Diverts its trembling fire,
Or like a ghost unchancy
    Dogs all my fond desire;
O strange phantasmagory
    That will not let me be!—
When I would follow glory
    My shadow follows me.

Epitaph

Like silver dew the tears of love,
    And gold's the smile of joy,
But I had neither, silver, gold,
    Nor wit for their employ.

I had no gifts or fancies fair
    This poverty to mend:
I was the son of my father,
    And had no other friend.

Though he that brings no grist to mill
    May con the reckoning o'er,
Who comes into the world with nought
  Can scarce go out with more.

A. E. COPPARD.

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Lady Jazz in the Vestibule

GEORGE GERSHWIN and Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra played the former's piano concerto in F the other day; Harry Yerkes' Sixty-five Syncopating Symphonists, in turn, unveiled Albert Chiaffarelli's symphony, "Jazz America." The events were expected to throw light on the future of American music, and received much critical attention. There was one wholly lyrical account of the concerto—a passage in which may have excited some morbid curiosity:

> Every now and again . . . that beautiful haunting melody pops up, now crooned, now danced . . . now tinkled out by tripping toes on the piano . . .

—but the weight of opinion was that jazz had not yet stormed the citadel. Rather than combat that conclusion, let us consider in the light of these performances just what chance what citadel stands of being stormed, by what.

Stormed by what? Not only by jazz, which is merely (1) a way of playing any music, or (2) music written to be played that way (viz.: with weird figures or raucous sounds; see parts of Richard Strauss's Till Eulenspiegel and compare parts of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue); but by ragtime, a species of ball-room dance-music which excludes the waltz and exhibits a syncopated melody, usually over a steady beat in the bass. Stormed by ragtime, then, jazzed or not.

What citadel? That of good music, would seem to be the supposition. But this would render all talk of "storming" absurd: if any popular song is musically good it is good music, and a stone of the citadel. No, read between the lines, and remember where you are. When we, as Americans, fight about Good Music, we naturally refer to the larger forms. They are the citadel; what chance have ragtime and jazz to storm *them?*

There are loud complaints of Mr. Gershwin's episodic treatment of his material. He jumps, it is said, from theme to theme and back to theme again, without pause for development. Mr. Chiaffarelli reproduces (with honorable acknowledgments), entire, W. C. Handy's strange and delightful blues, Saint Louis and Beale Street, and Philip Braham's justly famous (though not "blue") Limehouse Blues; these themes are imperfectly assimilated; they float about, substantially intact, in the soupy liquid of transitional passage-work, among the vermicelli of old-time "variations."

This may be due, less to any supposed deficiencies of the composers, than to the nature of the material. Suggestion: ragtime particularly benefits by a simple, well-rounded and *brief* form—eight or sixteen bars to the strain (in the case of the blues, twelve), two or three strains, and then *finis* —or change of subject. Any figure so striking as syncopation, or on the other hand, so regular as the beat in the bass which throws it into relief, is likely to become monotonous with long repetition if there be not frequent introductions of new themes. The Floradora Sextette music was popular only in spite of its length, and because of its countervailing merits. Most composers have not taken such a chance, so that concise form has become part of what we think of when we think of ragtime. If the composer presses on into "development," does he not risk taking his subject out of the category of ragtime as well as robbing it of one of the very virtues which made it popular, and so started all this talk of storming citadels? Take another tack: may it be said that a deft piece of ragtime or of jazz is to music as wit is to literature? If so, what was that remark about wit and brevity? What would be the reaction to a proposal that the Great American Novel should be built up from the 100 Best Jokes (or, at least, should be as continuously witty as possible—like Michael Arlen)? Would Arthur (Bugs) Baer, when he had done the thing, be reproached for having strung his anecdotes loosely together? Symphonic development of the wheeze has been counted a characteristic not of Americans, but of stage Englishmen. Isn't it just possible that Messrs. Gershwin and Chiaffarelli knew what they were up against, and that the grumbling would have been louder had they done as they were told? It has, indeed, been noted in some quarters that neither composition stuck to ragtime throughout. The passages calling forth this outcry were those in which the conscientious composers tried a little development. It's a hard life.

The writer, by the way, obtained keen enough enjoyment from hearing the concerto to wonder whether the episodic treatment is necessarily and absolutely fatal to an attempt even at Good Music. But he wishes Mr. Gershwin would try his hand at settings for some of Vachel Lindsay's poetry.

Mr. Harry Yerkes is an old-timer in jazz. He was the first martyr to the cause, thrown out of his Broadway office years ago when his saxophonists protruded their then unknown and terrible instruments through the windows and tootled into the traffic. Yet never were old jazzers tamer than his minions, interpreting Chiaffarelli-Braham-Handy. The occasional glad *wham!* from everything in the band didn't count; the Boston Symphony, having more instruments, can wham louder, and it does. How faint, how throatless was the occasional screech, how diffident the catcall, how uncomfortably on their best behavior those humid musicians, supposed to be pulling down our civilization. Now hear Mr. Damrosch:

> Lady Jazz . . . for all her travels and her sweeping popularity . . . has encountered no knight who could lift her to a level that would enable her to be received as a respectable member in musical circles. George Gershwin seems to have accomplished this miracle. He . . . has taken Cinderella by the hand and openly proclaimed her a princess to the astonished world . . .

It may be so, but one can picture what went before. Mr. Damrosch: "I'll receive her, for you, George, but I draw the line at what goes with her, those saxophones and cowbells and—She says she ain't herself without 'em? Well perhaps she can have a Charleston stick, and a wire brush for the snare-drum, and—h'm—yes, she can hang a derby hat over the trumpet. We can always call that 'a felt cap' in the program-notes. But that's all, absolutely all." Or it might have been Mr. Gershwin who said, "Lady, keep that stuff back for a while. You'll always know where it is; you're young and times are improving, meanwhile here's Floating Opportunity if you'll just — be —

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reasonable." Lady Jazz was right; she wasn't herself without her tools; she passed for her mother, plain Ragtime. Since another definition of good music is music played by the symphony orchestras, then if those orchestras won't equip themselves, or the composers won't equip them, what chance has Lady Jazz of storming the citadel? If Harry Yerkes as well is going to desert her when he thinks it's a case of Good Music, then is she indeed forlorn.

Worse, the playing of ragtime unjazzed takes a certain amount of boning up, be the performers never so eminent in respectable circles. Imagine the predicament of almost any virtuoso from the citadel, attempting in public the alien and terrific piano score through which Gershwin swept with such consummate grace and ease. The orchestra was in a less difficult, but similar predicament. It did nobly, for a novice, but it was the piano only that crackled and pulsed with life and color. The score furnished it may well have been partly to blame, but where will it fiind *time* to learn what Whiteman's knows? Or vice-versa? One wonders whether, when the great work is written that shall combine and fuse ragtime, jazz and Good Music, it will not be found necessary (if its full greatness is to be made manifest) to let Messrs. Damrosch and Whiteman, side by side, conduct their combined organizations.

ABBE NILES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Liberalism Today

SIR: In your issue of November 25 there is an article, Liberalism Today, which I wish you could explain a little.

The point that puzzles me most is a minor one. In expounding how liberalism has, under the Republicans, an increased vitality although it is disabled as a political force, you cite as evidence two facts: one, that the Republicans now in power are not aggressive in their conservatism, and two, that they are even mildly interested in constructive economic legislation.

If you don't mind my saying so, I do not consider either of these facts even remotely connected with any phase of liberalism. To say that any group is liberal because it is not aggressively conservative is optimism of an extreme kind. To say that a group is liberal because it is interested in constructive legislation is to utter an elegant non sequitur. The Federal Reserve act was constructive, but not related to liberalism. There is no connection whatsoever between the two conditions. Why should there be?

A major point, in fact *the* major point of this article is your statement that "the almost complete annihilation of liberalism as an organized force is accompanied by its increased vitality as a political and social idea." Surely this is ridiculous. What good is a liberalism so feeble that it must be hunted down in this way? It suggests a man looking down at his horse, which is dead, but so recently dead that it is still twitching.

"A good, healthy horse," he says. "Look how it is twitching."

No, no, gentlemen editors, you cannot and must not comfort yourselves and the rest of us with such remarks about liberalism. Why try to find comfort? We are at a funeral, let us not be joyful. Liberalism under the Republicans? Liberalism is an attitude of mind. Look at the monthly reports of the American Civil Liberties Union and then say that liberalism is a vital force today.

Nothing will suffice except a vigorous, healthy, obstreperous liberalism that shall bring the entire nation to its feet, angered at the least suggestion of infringement upon any phase of liberalism. A roistering, bursting, pugnacious liberalism is what we want and what, in due time, we shall build up. Rest content with not a whit less.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS.

New York City.

Hamlet in Modern Dress

SIR: It seems time to record what, so far, I have not seen recorded, that Hamlet in Modern Dress offers us the rare suggestion that the behavior which signifies nobility of heroism bears reference today to patterns involved in larger relevancies than those to be found in our hurt and suffering egos. With the opportunity for perspective on such an aspect of behavior as the play offers, it seemed to me, as it has not for a decade or more, that we might discover certain tendencies in the cumulation of race experience to pass from folk-ways to ways of maturity.

In the classic presentations of Hamlet, clad as they are in garments unlike those worn by men I see and know, I am prepared to see the characters, as the play advances, behave in ways unfamiliar to me and I am prepared to interpret those ways in accordance with the spirit and the intention of the play. I accept for instance as a sign of Hamlet's nobility that such indignities as the murder of his father and the "incest" as Hamlet calls it of his mother call to a sensitive soul for retribution. A sense of art prevents an impulse to spoil the integrity of a picture of a past period by introducing into it concepts, which although relevant to our own time are irrelevant to the intention of the picture. Moreover, as I watch the movement of the play in its own peculiar setting, I find I am free to identify my own hurt and suffering ego with the noble Hamlet's and luxuriate in the wealth of my sorrow for myself.

But as I followed Hamlet in Modern Dress I trued up involuntarily what appeared on the stage with the behavior of the men I see on the street and the men I know and I found myself confronted with the question, wherefore this noble pose? on what ground did it find rest? And in answering the question I realized that the play in its modern setting is melodrama and that melodramas today rank low in the art of play-writing; that the modern playright, inferior as he may be in dramatic power, is constrained because of the psychology of the time in which he lives to present heroism and nobility in the guise of the man who meets his personal problems in ways which yield not death but abundant life; that a hero today is not the man who nurses his own sufferings, or is overcome by them; that we regard those men as noble who overcome pain with life and are able to face death when they meet it as a force in life greater than any they had experienced.

And so I found Hamlet in Modern Dress an incongruous presentation of human behavior, but as it throws into high relief the human need which men have felt in common to suppress manifestations of their hurt and suffering egos, it is art. And it seems that Shakespeare and this play of his may enjoy immortality—unless or until men experience "a change of heart" in which the ego, precious and suppressed, is lost in the overflow of life. Let the neurologists take up the rôle of prophet and answer the question on which the immortality of Mr. Shakespeare must finally rest. If their findings teach us that human nature never changes; that it remains always the same, the chances are good for the immortality of Hamlet and his maker. If this be true the great mandate of Christianity will retain its familiar character of sounding brass and timkling symbols. But in the meantime, in the high suspense of anticipation we may wait on science to answer the questions which theologians so conspicuously have failed to answer.

HELEN MAROT.

New York City.

Freedom and Purpose

SIR: Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's excellent letter in a recent issue apropos "Flapper Jane," reaches its keen and admirable point, in refusing Jane applause for her success in her impetuous plunge for "freedom," since it accomplished no worthy purpose, but simply showed her to be, in a vulgar and senseless manner, the last word in inappropriateness, stupidity and the herd instinct. It was so admirably unusual and cogent as forcibly to remind one of Leonid Andreyev's condensation of the same idea—"It is not enough to have gained Freedom *from* something, one must be strong enough to have achieved Freedom *for* something."

N. F. C.

Albany, N. Y.

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Jefferson and Hamilton

Jefferson and Hamilton, by Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 534 pages. $5.

THE enterprise is that of launching a new government—the first representative republic—those in charge of the enterprise are among the most resourceful and richly gifted men in the history of politics, and the author has written the story with fidelity and exceptional ability. It is more fascinating than fiction and more instructive than the most profound treatise on government. The passions which sway and the ambitions which move men of genius, the devotion and courage which distinguish builders of great commonwealths, together with the fitness and strategy of party politics, are portrayed with that sustained interest which leaves no weary page in the whole volume.

The drama opens with Fisher Ames, the brilliant pessimist from New England, wandering about New York trying to find the Congress to which he had been elected and to locate the new government which is supposed shortly to begin business. It closes with the moving picture of John Adams in bitterness and sorrow trudging along the road to his beloved commonwealth of Massachusetts, the crash of a great political party heard in the distance, and Hamilton in great distrust of the future and despairing of the government itself, watching from his window the shouting hosts of democracy coming to take control of the government. I do not know, in all history, not even in the enchanting days of Pericles nor yet in that stirring era of Old England when Pitt and Fox and their followers fought for supremacy, where you would find a period so interesting, so instructive in the deeper lessons of statecraft as the period covered by the author.

The title of the book is Jefferson and Hamilton, but the title does not indicate all that is covered by the writer. It is not simply a biography of these two men. It is a political history of the times. The great issues and policies are discussed and the relationship of the leaders to these policies fully revealed. The pen portraits which the author draws of the main figures are scarcely less interesting or indicative of more care and research than the portraits of their many followers. Every figure is distinct and lifelike. And while the author never fails to give in full the facts and reveal the littleness which seems inherent in politics, nevertheless, when you draw toward the close, there is an atmosphere of sincerity, an impression of greatness, attaching to the whole group. You feel that you have been made acquainted with a congregation of giants. The timid, cautious philosophy of modern expediency, the morbid dread of losing a group of votes here or there, the temporizing with great principles, are absent, and instead, you find the daring which risks all for a principle—and serenity of conviction in the face of defeat.

It has been difficult apparently for writers dealing with this period of our history to do equal justice to Jefferson and Hamilton. Those who admire Hamilton have underestimated the services of Jefferson and those who admire Jefferson have underestimated the services of Hamilton. These two great leaders who inspired men to partisan activity while living seem to do no less when dead. Not only is this true as to American writers but also to foreign writers. Oliver's brilliant essay on Hamilton fails unmistakably to measure adequately the character and statecraft of Jefferson. But how fortunate it was that both Hamilton and Jefferson lived in those days. Every student of that era must rejoice that the advice of those who urged a strong government did not in all their fullness prevail, or that the jealous guardians of state rights were not permitted to have their way as fully as they felt they ought. One can find no gratification in groping among the archives of our country for questionable facts upon which to make invidious comparisons. Each excelled in his own particular way, each wrought in absolute sincerity, gave the cause the best that was in him, both of heart and brain. In the final result, there was honor and glory enough for both, and to each, and both, every American must forever feel an incalculable debt of gratitude.

Nowhere in the volume has the author been more happy than in that part where he deals with the alien and sedition laws, their effect upon the community, the strife and bitterness which they engendered, and the penalty which the Federalist party paid for their enactment. The whole inexplicable affair is presented. The hideous significance of the law is accentuated but not exaggerated. There is no explanation for these laws consistent with the great ability and the unquestioned patriotism of their authors. The writer does not attempt an explanation, but leaves the reader in possession of all the facts. In the language of Napoleon, their enactment was not a crime; it was worse, it was a blunder. The laws as passed, and unspeakably worse as proposed, were arbitrary, oppressive, vicious in principle, and wicked in purpose. They were in conflict with the principles of a free government. They were nothing less than a bold attempt not only to circumscribe men's political action but to control their political opinions. There is only one other instance under constitutional government which I can recall of a similar import, and that was during the premiership of the younger Pitt. Parliament under his leadership enacted a law which subjected to fine and imprisonment anyone who should open a public reading room for the reading of books, pamphlets, newspapers, and other publications, and designated the house as a disorderly house. Many such laws were passed during this period. Buckle, commenting on these and similar measures, says: "Nowhere are the weakest parts of the human mind more clearly seen than in the history of such legislation." Both the legislation in England and in this country show how futile, how humiliating, in the end are all such measures. Fortunately, it seems to have been decreed as one of the laws of human progress that physical interference—force—can not long stay the march of the human mind. But this is a lesson which it seems must be learned ever so often.

Too much credit can not be given to Fox in England and Jefferson in the United States for the signal service rendered in the condemnation of this legislation and in finally wiping it clean from the statute books. Had the alien and sedition laws been permitted to stand and the practice under them been permitted to ripen into precedents, it is not too much to say that they would have changed entirely our conception of free institutions. They were at war with every principle upon which the Republic was organized, principles for which their authors had nobly contended. There is no such thing as a free government without free speech and an uncontrolled press—without them the government is a despotism regardless of the name it carries. Mr. Bowers has given us the lesson as it comes from the actual happenings and historic facts in all its ugly significance and I hope every young reader will linger long with these chapters. But I must not pass this subject without calling attention to the fact that the master mind, the supreme genius of the Federalist party, did not approve of these laws. Hamilton advised against them. There is great comfort in that fact.

W. E. BORAH.

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The World Upside Down

The Neuroses of the Nations, by C. E. Playne. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 468 pages. $5.

The Re-Making of the Nations, by J. H. Nicholson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 276 pages. $5.

A QUEER assortment of villains have at various times and in various countries been charged with exclusive responsibility for the World War. In the first spasms of belligerent emotion in 1914 and at intervals thereafter, the poor old gentleman now ignominiously rusticating at Doorn made a very acceptable substitute for the personal devil of old-fashioned orthodoxy. The German General Staff and the Austrian Foreign Office were somewhat less popular in a similar rôle. Statesmen of the Central powers may have entertained distinctly different theories on this subject—but these were, of course, entirely erroneous in every particular; though since the opening of other people's archives became the fashion, there have been journalists and scholars brazen enough to insist that not all Allied diplomats zealously exerted themselves in the cause of peace at every instant of every day between 1878 and 1914.

Now comes Miss Caroline E. Playne with a bulky but extremely readable book setting forth a different idea—which is, indeed, not new, but which has never before been so adequately treated. Ignoring the personal responsibility of individuals, she suggests that the cause of the World War was very largely just nerves—the exhausted nerves of the luckless millions who live the queer life that we drolly describe as "civilized," and especially the overstrained nerves of their supposedly responsible leaders. To describe the nervous tensions of ten, twenty, and thirty years ago calls for a great deal of knowledge and genuine literary skill. Miss Playne has made admirable use of pre-war novels, diaries, memoirs, and the more usual diplomatic and historical sources to show that "the different national groups suffered from mass-neuroses for some decades before group-dementia held them in its grip as the War developed." She then follows the neuroses through their subsequent and more familiar stages, after hostilities had begun.

The present volume deals only with France and Germany. A second will describe the mass neuroses of Great Britain, which were slower in developing; and it is to be hoped that Miss Playne or someone else using her methods will subject the American war mentality to a similar examination. Such a book would be exceedingly profitable if not particularly pleasant reading.

Miss Playne's central idea is easy to state, but immensely difficult to support. The evidence is necessarily scattered and difficult to evaluate; but she contrives to separate the significant from the merely sensational with an acute critical sense and entire freedom from national feeling. The Pan-Germans, for example, are not allowed to appear as spokesmen for the entire nation. Miss Playne does not pretend that the World War was a mere matter of national neuroses; but she does succeed in showing how large a share neuroses had in bringing on the catastrophe.

Though The Neuroses of the Nations is certain to be described as "psychoanalysis," the term must not mislead prospective readers. This is a precise book, a definite book, with tangible statements and authentic evidence, quite free from the large words and windy vagueness that made psychoanalysis a conversational terror only a year or two ago. It is regrettably true that Miss Playne fails to define what she means by a neurosis—a word which just now is being very loosely used—but with this important exception there is not a cloudy term or unsupported statement.

Miss Playne might appropriately have called her book The Un-Making of the Nations. Mr. J. H. Nicholson's The Re-Making of the Nations is a more cheerful book, based on his observations and reflections during a round-the-world trip as a Fellow of the Albert Kahn Foundation. It is unfortunate that Mr. Nicholson's story has been so long in the writing, for its interest is contemporary rather than permanent, and the opinions of three years ago are not always justified today. A study that deals with Europe, Asia, and America in 276 pages can hardly pretend to thoroughness; and Mr. Nicholson is careful to point out that this is merely a traveler's record. As such it has the merit of being clear, interesting, and thoughtful.

Mr. Nicholson is at his best in the chapters dealing with religious tendencies in Asia, the mutual inter-actions of East and West, and the stirrings of nationality in the Orient. The worst part of his book is his utterly stereotyped and conventional chapter on America, which says all the things that visiting Englishmen usually say, and very little else. Mr. Nicholson actually accepts the venerable tradition that "wal" for "well" is still part of the American dialect, apparently in entire ignorance of the vigorous pronouncement on this subject by no less an authority than Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

The continent of North America may, however, be thankful to get off so easily. Mr. Nicholson bestowed a month upon it—one week in the train—and wrote no more than a chapter. Any other Briton would have written a book at least.

JOHN BAKELESS.

"Ay, Que Chamaco"

The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans. Caricatures by Miguel Covarrubias. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 142 pages. $3.

IN Mexico there is a well seasoned tradition of fine caricature: almost every one of the younger painters possesses this lacerating gift. It goes with the Mexican aptitude for deadly discernment of the comic in the other person, together with each man's grave regard for his own proper dignity. In arguments, whether personal or political, they resort early to popular songs and cartoons that carry sharper fangs than any other sort of debate. They have a charming habit of disregarding the main point at issue long enough to call attention to some defect or weakness, preferably an irremediable one, in the opponent. The quick-witted public, humanly fond of a joke on someone else, laughs the loser out.

Covarrubias in this is more Mexican than the Mexicans. As a youth he moved among that group of younger insurgents who revolutionized Mexican painting almost overnight. He was the youngest, and no one was ever born so naïve as he appeared. He did no serious painting, but amused himself at the innocent pastime of making caricatures of the serious paintings of others, and thereafter it was an effort to look at those paintings with an untangled viewpoint. He had a merry little way of dropping into the cafés haunted by his set, joining the carefree group gathered there, and dashing off a few careless impressions of their faces that would spoil their evening for them.

While he was yet too young to be called to account, he brought his talents to New York, and for once the favorite

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success legend of this nation jibed with the pure truth. The brilliant suddenness of his popularity made the old-fashioned tales of the hardships of genius sound a trifle drab, as his caricature of our native celebrities put a crimp in the high seriousness of intellectual life as she was being led in this city.

Smart New York, under whose garment of custom tailored sophistication beats an eager barbarian heart, touched to wonder by all that is deft, off-hand and of high visibility, had found a new champion; a boy with sure-fire stuff, backed up with the invaluable social gift of malice. "Enfant du siècle" they dubbed him, among other things. He is more than a mere child of his century; more than contemporaneous. He is current—as aptly present in the public interest as this month's leading musical revue.

It is his speed, his wit, his lively accuracy that first arrest the attention. But beyond his showy technique he has the spontaneous combustion called genius. In this collection of more than sixty drawings, there is only one failure: Babe Ruth. And that merely a comparative failure. There are less than half a dozen that are not superb. The rest are beyond criticism as keen satirical comment, and I claim it is a comment considerably more than skin-deep.

Covarrubias has a wide range of symbols, a command of many styles, and he adapts his medium and his method of approach with an impish understanding of the personality of his subject. Compare the caricatures of Alfred Stieglitz, of Calvin Coolidge, of Robert Edmond Jones, of Xavier Algara. If in the case of President Coolidge he has subtly piled up the miserable details, at other times he strips his subject to the buff: literally, in the drawing of Jack Dempsey, where in a few strokes we are given three dimensions, a framework with a skeleton inside: and in all of them, something else that belongs to metaphysics: a feeling that he has exposed the very outer appearance of a sitter that is the clue to an inner quality the sitter has spent most of his life trying to hide, or disguise. If that isn't murder, what is it? And what is?

The victims in Mexico used to shake their heads, to get the blood out of their eyes, no doubt. There, let a good joke get out on you just once, and you're done for. Their civilized perception of the power of wit makes for caution. "Ay, que chamaco!" they would say. "What a brat!" They preserved the drawings he made of them on scraps of paper around café tables, and if they were published, what a book that would be! But they will never be published. New York knows a good joke on itself when it sees it: and Covarrubias is the latest, and the best one.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER.

Laughter in a Switchback World

Troy Park, by Edith Sitwell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 103 pages. $1.75.

MISS SITWELL has for a long time rendered her vision of the world through the baroque tradition, that stiffens the cloud into plaster and sunlight into metal rays. It is a vision, one would suppose, rigidly encased from reality's accidents and consequences. The eye that has seen too much has built up a panorama wherein the sea and clouds move, but as by a set of levers, and soft living things become wood, gold, and lacquer—a switchback world, peopled by personages called up from a mechanical Commedia dell' Arte, devoid of mewing human sounds, with three gestures for love, and a raucous cry to signify despair. As though something in her heart or mind coveted the unreality of a child's fantasy, it is a fairy-tale she tells and retells, however full of hard surfaces and sophisticated implications. Her technique is beaten out in nursery rhythms, and the meaning swings brazenly upon the rhyme. As in children's jingles, the rhymes clap to, like hands beating time, and up springs the image, like a bird.

Bucolic Comedies, although sprinkled through and prefaced by paragraphs from Miss Sitwell's essays perfectly black with disillusion, sustained unbroken these myths and distortions of childhood. In The Sleeping Beauty the despairing voice sprang at last openly out of her song, and in Troy Park the same voice, unmistakeably Miss Sitwell's own, speaks again. She at once stands within the clever clock-work kingdom she has made, and contemplates her own dead childhood.

Laforgue's shadow rests lightly upon Miss Sitwell. She sees men and women as the "terrible approximations" outlined by a caricaturist. These apeish creatures scuttling upon adult business jig to a harried ragtime: the country gentleman skilfully shoots birds, the Countess airs her curled dogs, the red-faced man stumbles through a wet kitchen garden. Behind them rise lodging houses, "tall and lean," hotels, the "Metropole and Grand"—all the doleful clutter of grownup existence. From these the hidden and resentful child grown old escapes into long poems mixed as dreams, full of lime-blossoms, honeycomb, amber, cherries, nutmegs and waterfalls.

> The child went through this cold bucolic world;
> The mirage dew upon the ragged flowers
> And ass-voice, pig-voice, hen-voice without end
> Took on the tones she trusted. Oh, false friend
> And our own false heart, falsely crying. . . .

Miss Sitwell's epithets, at times deft inventions forced into life by the exigencies of her technique, have often a fortuitous brilliance of their own which justifies them. Again she can look at leaves and shadow with the profundity of true emotional vision. It is only occasionally that her sincerity is to be doubted, and then, perhaps, it is a note of that sharp laughter which she turns upon herself and upon her crowded images, that sounds. We may laugh completely, as children do, at the nonsense of:

> . . . the navy-blue ghost of Mr. Belaker
> The allegro negro cocktail shaker,

and, in Country Cousin, at the free variation on a phrase of Gertrude Stein's:

> My coral neck
> And my little song
> Are very extra
> And very Susie . . .

but she has other and sadder laughter. Words can be heard with the long accent of memory upon them:

> Alas my lovely one, in a remote
> And still land of the spirit was my home
> And this has faded like a song, and only
> On the clear brink of sleep or in the heart
> Of music can I find it and return
> Through the long lands and be a child again.

With such simplicity Miss Sitwell has brought torturing reality into her scene, before so carefully unreal. The carrousel world has cracked because a human voice has cried within it out of mature horror and despair. It must enclose, hereafter—along with the Margravine, Queen Claud and the Noctambulo—the "mad Cassandra tongues of birds" that shout "Troy is burning," and some echoing "cold laughter of the water."

LOUISE BOGAN.

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Through the Eyes of a Servant

A Lifetime with Mark Twain. The memories of Katy Leary. Written by Mary Lawton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 352 pages. $3.50.

MISS LAWTON has been very wise in reporting these memories of Katy Leary, Mark Twain's long time servant, exactly as they fell from her lips, bad grammar and tortuous involutions and all. For in so doing she has given us a curious, amusing and in some ways vivid and important picture of the Clemens family. She has not, however, added anything to the already available stock of information about the family.

Katy's picture of Mrs. Clemens is at once exasperating and amusing. It reveals a woman who was conscientious to a fault and "proper" to the point of folly. Again and again Katy returns to the fact that Mrs. Clemens censored Mark Twain's manuscripts as fast as they were written. That is not news. But it seems that she supervised everything she could get control over as well. With her it was a passion to control and mould persons in the light of her own narrow conceptions of the proper. She, for example, exercised a rigid supervision over Katy's reading, and there is no more amusing passage in this book than that which recounts Mrs. Clemens's horror when she discovered that Katy had accidentally come by a copy of one of Balzac's novels in Mark Twain's study. Apparently Mark Twain was allowed to read Balzac, and Katy reports that he had a tremendous admiration for him, but the servants were not to be contaminated by the "foreign devil." So Katy had to give up the Balzac and return to "Dickens or John Halifax, or something dull and good like that." "Dull and good!" With what beautiful accuracy that sums up Mrs. Clemens's literary ideals!

The writers who flit through this book are limned with equal accuracy and oftentime with great unconscious humor. Katy remembers Howells as "a very nice man, a nice fatherly kind of man," who lived in Boston and "had charge of some little magazine there—I think it was called the Atlantic Monthly—and it's still going." Once Howells had his picture taken and Mark Twain facetiously remarked, "Why, Howells, that's the best picture you ever had, because it's so unusual—so smiling." Katy comments: "Of course that was one of Mr. Clemens's jokes, because Howells never looked any other way—even when he felt bad." That, I take it, fits in nicely with the phrase Van Wyck Brooks is so fond of quoting, "The most smiling aspects of life are the most American."

Indeed, I find the book singularly engaging, and I find that it confirms in quite unexpected ways opinions elaborately argued for by serious critics. Katy, for instance, mentions time and again Mark Twain's admiration for Kipling and for the Negro jubilee songs. Certain persons are now adducing these admirations in proof of the contention that Mark Twain had a second-rate mind. But it is pertinent to remember that while we of today are fully aware of Kipling's hollowness, in those days he was a bright meteor in the sky admired by as various writers as Mark Twain, Jack London, Frank Norris and H. L. Mencken. And today the same persons who hoot at Mark Twain for admiring the Negro jubilee songs are standing on their heads and waving their feet in the air in an effort to express their admiration of the Negro spirituals, the same things under a different name!

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Fiction Notes

The Surry Family, by Helen Hull. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE Surry Family is freer in form and surer in handling than either of its predecessors, Quest or Labyrinth. Here the experience of life is shared by the family group and quite impartially exposed. The Surrys are all well drawn, but they are more interesting in their association, in their common environment and mingling of hereditary strains, than as individuals. They represent a division of gifts usual enough in post-pioneer families—Margaret Surry and her daughter have energy and character; Franklin and Paul, the shiftless and speculative father and son, have the luck, bad and good. Except for Marjorie they are all drab; they enact the usual parts in the usual way; they reach no heights of moral meaning or spiritual vision. Yet as ordinary folks they exercise the compelling power of reality. They make even good fortune seem true.

The Tortoiseshell Cat, by Naomi G. Royd-Smith. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

MISS ROYDE-SMITH'S novel is of the type of modern English fiction, in which the asperities and whimsicalities of English character are gaily brought together. It shows a social world like that of Alice's Wonderland in which the people have been shaken out of their hereditary niches, and mingled in all sorts of accidental, but very human relations. It is possibly a reminiscence of Alice that the tortoiseshell cat is the liaison officer in their affairs. The book is properly called modern—also daring because among the threads of passion runs that of homosexual love. This is handled with a reserve made natural by the innocence of the altogether delightful heroine. Vice, as Edmund Burke once remarked, loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. Even tragedy is modulated to the theme of that beauty which was of an older world, and which, a little wan and ghostly, is recalled by the lure of Miss Royde-Smith's art to walk in London streets.

Porgy, by Du Bose Heyward. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

PORGY is another book of a beauty so rare and perfect that it may be called classic. It is far indeed from the clubs and studios of London to the Negro underworld of Charleston—as far as Lesbos was from the place where Deukalion threw behind him his earth-born men and women—but the essential human stuff is in both, with its unquenchable thirst for happiness. Porgy is humorous and whimsical and tragic. It is the Negro world with its colored surface and mysterious depths, primitive in feeling as the Congo and incongruously in contact with civilization, perceived through the senses of the white man and presented with his art—only in this case the white man is a poet. Porgy may be counted as the Negro's contribution to American literature as well as Mr. Du Bose Heyward's.

Matrix, by Melvin P. Levy. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

MATRIX is the biography of an American boy related in terms of his environment, the matrix in which the human being is nourished as in a womb. A railroad journey, home and parents, school and schoolfellows

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Edited by H. L. MENCKEN

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with their classifications "nigger and sheeny, sissy and wop," the mystic alphabet, reading with its first suggestions of sex, birth and death in the family, the streets of the city, college and commencement with its parade of futilities, an advertising agency, business companionship, drink, a girl who loves him, a brief flight into the wilderness of life, a return to convention and success—these things determine the boy's experience. His strongest emotion is a desire to break through racial and class barriers, to come near to his fellows. The girl whom he loves is black. But he is a child of the womb. He dies an ex-Senator and head of the Great Western Advertising Corporation. Matrix is a synthetic novel of America today, an instrument of precision in its literal fulfilment of the author's purpose, and in its compression eloquent with his feeling.

Women, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

MR. TARKINGTON takes a much more genial view of the American scene than does Mr. Levy. In Women he continues his comedy of manners as determined by the standards of monogamy and monoandry in a mid-western city. If the book lacks the more serious social criticism of The Magnificent Ambersons and Alice Adams, it is equally entertaining. Mr. Tarkington, like Mr. Levy, undertakes a sort of synthesis of life, but instead of choosing a single character or a family group as the thread of his coherence, he makes the central episode of life in our monogamous world—that of falling in love—the principle of unity in his book and illustrates it in numerous cases drawn from the same background, in which old characters reappear with a pleasing effect. This "case method" results in a form which combines the advantages of the short story and the novel—admirable for serial publication and a boon to readers too lazy to follow a plot. We used to suspect Mr. Tarkington of taking ironically the public for whom and about whom he writes, but we must admit that he does not let this trait interfere with salesmanship.

The Grand Ecart, by Jean Cocteau. Translated by Lewis Galantière. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

EVERY generation calls for its rendering of the Paris bohemia. Murger's Vie de Bohême is followed by Henri Lavedan's Le Bon Temps, and thence to The Grand Ecart of Jean Cocteau is but a step. As in Lavedan's masterpiece the hero of The Grand Ecart is a schoolboy; but while in the eighties the awakening of youth to pleasure had something in it naïve and fresh and charming, something of gaiety and humor and generous giving, the initiation of Jacques Forestier is into a world of cruel and sordid vice. That this world is presented with a certain gaiety adds to its bitterness, and M. Cocteau's laughter is as false as the characters which excite it. The precision with which the pattern is drawn, the completeness with which the artistic result is consummated, is part of the inheritance which M. Cocteau has received from Prevost and Mérimée and Maupassant. He has concentrated Le Bon Temps into a short story.

Krakatit, by Karel Capek. Translated by Lawrence Hyde. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

KRAKATIT is a grim fantasy by the author of R. U. R. and The World We Live In, written on the model of Frankenstein. The monster, Krakatit, is an explosive compound powerful enough to blow a continent to pieces, susceptible to detonation by radio. The wretched inventor, haunted by this spectre, is pursued through a life of phantasmagoric adventure by those seeking to control his secret, by militarists and revolutionists. The book itself partakes of the explosive nature of its theme as the hero is hurled hither and thither by forces outside of his control. The style is explosive. The sensations of modern journalism and the sensations of the laboratory combine to determine the atmosphere. Krakatit is the latest step in the process by which the gothic horrors of the supernatural are replaced by the superstitions of science. It needs only a confession from Sir Oliver Lodge that he was kept awake all night after reading it to make it the twentieth century Castle of Otranto. But even the most sceptical reader is troubled by the thought that it may come true.

The Island of the Great Mother, by Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

HERE is a horse, or an allegory, of another color. The explosive force is our good friend sex, and it works on society according to a model as old as Lysistrata. The setting is the familiar one of the South Sea Island; the starting point is a shipwreck according to the classic model, "women and children first." With the exception of a single male child, only women survive from whom the new society, a woman-made world, is fashioned. Unfortunately for suspense we know the answer. The success of an allegory is in the closeness of approximation in detail to reality, and this quality The Island of the Great Mother does not possess in marked degree. Its truth is general rather than particular. In its grandiose beauty it appeals to the Teutonic rather than the Anglo-Saxon imagination. The difference is at once perceived in comparing it with Miss Rose Macaulay's Orphan Island.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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